

**C N CALLING**

**A thousand years  
scarce serve to  
form a State**

**An hour may lay  
it in the dust**

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**THE  
TREASURES  
OF EUROPE**

See middle pages

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## MARCHING TO THE BETTER DAYS?

### The Great Peace Day and After EUROPE HAS A SECOND CHANCE

**W**E have often wondered how the great Peace would come at last, and surely the world will never forget the moment when it seemed once more within our grasp.

Rulers flying to meet each other, peoples cheering everywhere, wireless carrying the good news round the world, and the sudden uplifting of the human heart from the depths of bitterness to joy unspeakable—it was a day that none can forget who lived through it.

As a vast congregation passed out of York Minster on Thanksgiving Day a brilliant rainbow circled over the majestic structure, and it must have seemed to those who saw it that once more the rainbow had come upon the earth as a covenant between God and man: it was like the promise of peace in answer to the prayers of all nations.

And yet it is not now as it was then. The dark cloud has lifted from the world; the Angel of Peace had come so near that we could hear the beating of his wings, and yet so heavy is the burden of this world that though all mankind desire it peace will not quickly come. It will not come, as our brave Prime Minister has said, while we sit down and wait for it; we must work for it.

#### **We Must Work for Peace**

Never was it so plain as now that we must work for peace as hard as we are ready to work for war when it comes upon us. When all is said and done, the lesson of these days is not that we can have peace for the asking but that we must make ourselves strong enough to build up peace.

If it seems to us that already the light of that great Peace Day is a little dimmed, that something of the glow has gone out, it is not that the opportunity has passed away. That remains. What we have to do is to put into our yearning for peace the energy and earnestness we were beginning to put into our preparations for war.

It is pitiful that the gas masks should be still in our cupboards and the trenches open in our parks; but the things that were plunging the world into ruin do not disappear in a day. It is for us to see that they disappear in due season.

Nothing is gained by arguing as to who should be praised for stopping the war or who should be blamed for all the bitterness that it involves. History will say that Mr Chamberlain, with the help of President Roosevelt and the French Prime Minister and Signor Mussolini, saved millions of lives by

persuading Herr Hitler to call back his army while we talked it over. History will say that there was enough right in Germany's case to make war wrong. History will say that this country kept the only promise it had made and broke no word that it had given. History will say that the gallant Czech nation, for the sake of the peace of the world, submitted to sacrifices such as were never before demanded of an undefeated people. History, we may be sure, will say that that never was known a week so dramatic and so filled with joy and bitterness.

But history will say that the shadow of war crept over the world because of a wrong done 19 years ago, and because the League of Nations did not put it right. Not once in 20 years has the League used Article 19 of the Covenant, which provides for peaceful revision and change.

#### **The Seed of Injustice**

The seed of injustice was sown in the Peace Room at Versailles. The power was given to the League to avert whatever dangers should arise from it. Year after year the danger has been coming on, while the League talked and did nothing, and now what could have been done quietly at Geneva is done suddenly as by an act of war.

If there is injustice it is all the nations that must bear the blame for it, the nations in the League and out; but at least the world has not seen the monstrous injustice of millions of innocent people dying to right a wrong. *At least our streets are not filled with dead and mangled people.*

Lord Mottistone, the only living member of the House of Lords who signed the Treaty of Versailles, declared in the House that this country has no reason to be ashamed, that he could not believe that history would judge harshly anyone who had righted a wrong and saved the world from catastrophe.

#### **A Blessing in Disguise**

What we must do is to build up a sounder peace than Versailles did, as sound a peace as would have been built up if Mr Lloyd George had allowed Mr Asquith to go to Versailles. We have to do now, with half Europe in the hands of Dictators, what could so easily have been done then with all Europe in the hands of the Allies.

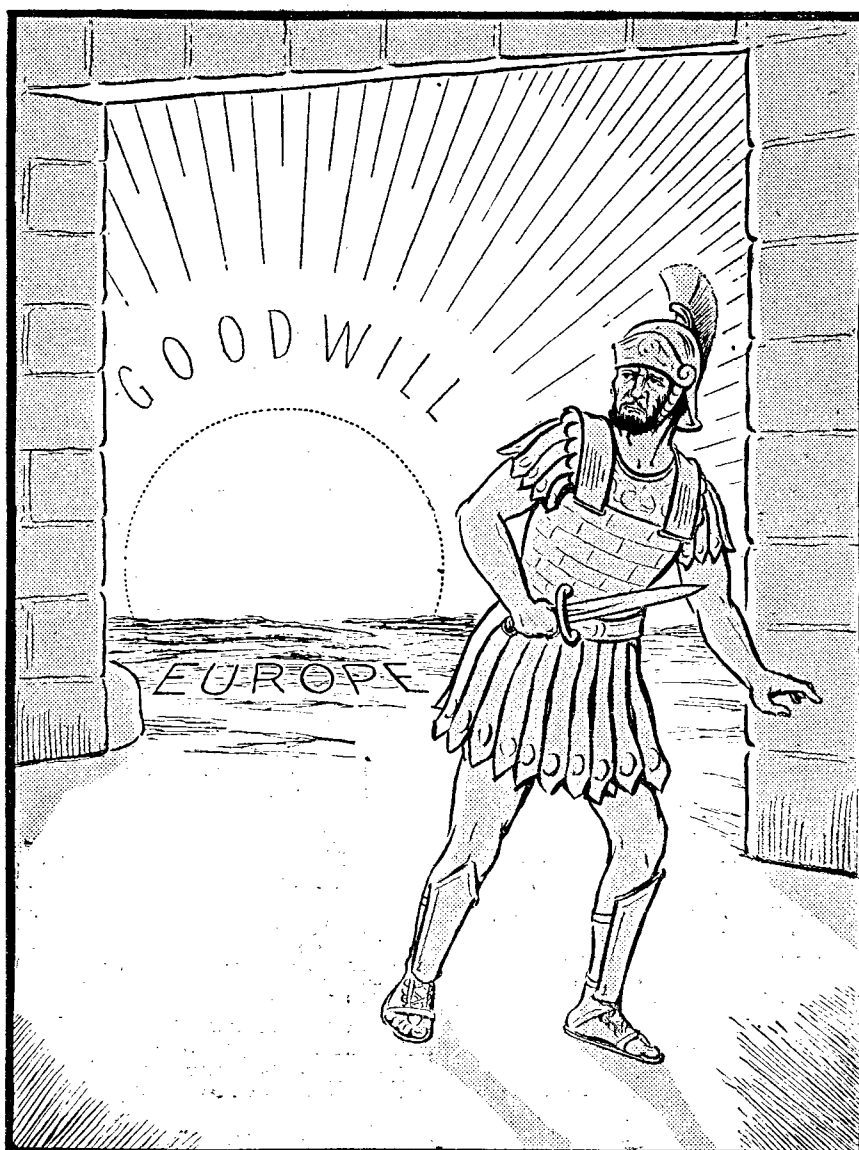
The tragic fate of Czecho-Slovakia may be a blessing in disguise. She may be stronger and safer and happier with all her discontented peoples outside her bounds. The pitiful meanness

of those of her neighbours who have added to her sorrows is best forgotten, but never can the world forget the noble dignity of President Benes and his people in a tragedy too great for words. "We bequeath our sorrow to the French and English people," this nation wrote to the Parliaments of these two countries, and it is a legacy that the whole British Empire receives with tears. All over the earth where humanity is not dead the spectacle of this gallant little people passing out of the troubled history of Europe has been watched with poignant sympathy. We can only hope that their reward will be that never again will war invade their narrower borders.

As for Europe now, a marvellous opportunity comes to it once more. Herr Hitler knows that Germany longs for Peace. Signor Mussolini knows that Italy longs for Peace. They have declared themselves ready to open a new chapter of peaceful consultation. If it means anything at all it means that we shall be good neighbours once again, with Britain and Germany, France and Italy, talking things over instead of quarrelling. It must mean

that there will be another great World Conference at which all the remaining injustices in the Treaty of Versailles will be considered and put right. The world is big enough for all and will produce good things for all, and with goodwill and good neighbourhood no nation need feel that it is robbed of its share of the earth and all its natural possessions.

With the threat of violence removed from the public life of nations, with the return of confidence in one another's purposes, with the sharing of economic opportunities, with the desire to put into practice what most nations have been preaching so long, Europe may set its face to the sun again and march to a brighter dawn. In our cartoon the man of war is seen going out of Europe, disgusted with the sun of goodwill coming up on the horizon. Let him go. Let the peaceful peoples have peace. Let us live like good neighbours in any way we choose, going our own way and harming none. It is ancient counsel to be strong and of good courage; let us be strong enough to keep the peace and courageous enough to pay the price of peace.



**NOW HIS DAY IS OVER?**



## JULIET-LOSES HER ROMEO

### A Sad Little Chapter of War

China's miseries are beyond the power of man to realise, so merciless are her invaders and so difficult are the ways of approach for those who would succour her myriad sufferers.

It is only the occasional tragedy which finds its way into the news that brings into relief the appalling tragedies now being enacted every hour in this vast country. Here is one that will appeal to all Shakespeare's countrymen.

A company of amateur actors carried on their performances through the darkest hours of the war, playing those immortal comedies and tragedies which should make the whole world kin. The two leading members, Miss Yu Pei-shan and Mr Chao Shu-tung, had become famous for their performance of the parts of Romeo and Juliet.

Having helped to relieve the anxious hours for soldier and civilian in Hankow, the company moved out to Hsuehchow, where they acted their plays until the Japanese advance compelled a retreat.

While they were moving to safer quarters they were suddenly attacked by Japanese aeroplanes with bombs and machine-guns. Romeo was killed in the rush to cover, but Juliet escaped with her life and eventually reached Hankow, never again to play out that terrible tragedy (written by an Englishman) whose most moving episodes pale before the hourly happenings in 20th-century China. As was said in our own country the other day, the drama outside the theatre was bigger than anything Shakespeare could write.

## Where Shakespeare Walked

A Birmingham solicitor, Mr Philip Baker, owning land in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, left a thrill for posterity in his will, which has now been proved.

He bequeathes to the public Hathaway Farm, near the famous cottage that was the home of Ann Hathaway up to the time of her marriage to William Shakespeare in 1582.

The cottage itself, characteristic of the small yeoman farmer of Tudor days, for such was Ann's father, stands in a lovely old garden with its thatched roof and timbered walls much as it was in those far-off days when the poet went there courting. On the opposite side of the road is a bank fragrant in summer with wild flowers. It is thought to be the very spot of which Shakespeare sang in his verse beginning "I know a bank where the wild thyme blows," the bank from which Oberon bids Puck fetch the flower that shall charm Titania's eyes during her sleep.

Hathaway Farm will now join the cottage as public property, for Mr Baker has left it as a pleasure resort for ever "to alleviate the cares and strenuousness of modern life." The cottage has since 1892 been the property of the Shakespeare Birthday Trust.

## Burma and Her Telephones

When we consider the character of the country, it may be justly claimed that Burma has the world's cheapest rural telephone system.

Her 15 million people are scattered over nearly 200,000 square miles, yet it is now possible to speak from anywhere to anywhere in that land of tinkling bells between 8 p.m. and midnight for one rupee (1s 6d).

Three rupees is the charge for a three-minute conversation at other times, while five rupees a month is the minimum rental for a telephone.

## Never to Go to War Again

This is the historic Document on which it is hoped a better Europe will be built.

We, the German Führer and Chancellor and the British Prime Minister, are agreed in recognising that the question of Anglo-German relations is of the first importance for the two countries and for Europe.

We regard the agreement signed, and the Anglo-German Naval Agreement, as symbolic of the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again.

We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries, and we are determined to continue our efforts to remove possible sources of difference and thus to contribute to assure the peace of Europe.

## The 19th Century to the 20th

I hold that the real policy of England is to be the champion of justice and right; pursuing that course with moderation and prudence, not becoming the Quixote of the world but giving the weight of her moral sanction and support wherever she thinks justice is, and wherever she thinks wrong has been done.

Lord Palmerston 90 years ago

A day will come when you France, you Russia, you Italy, you England, you Germany, all you nations of the Continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, blend in a higher unity, and form a European fraternity, even as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, all the French provinces, blended into France.

A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in our museums as an instrument of torture is now, and men shall marvel that such a thing could be.

A day will come when we shall see those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their art, their genius, clearing the earth, colonising deserts, ameliorating Creation under the eye of the Creator. Victor Hugo 60 years ago

## Why the Elephant's Legs Are Short

For three generations the people of the New Zealand city of Christchurch have gazed on the stuffed elephant in their city's fine museum. Now the new curator has told them that the elephant's legs are about a foot short all round, probably by shrinkage.

This stuffed elephant had an unusual history. In 1869 he and a colleague roamed the Jardin des Plantes in Paris and were the favoured pets of the Parisians. The elephants were named Castor and Pollux.

Alas for the poor elephants! In 1870 Paris was besieged by the Germans, food became scarce, and Castor and Pollux were killed and turned into elephant meat. The hide of one of these elephants was acquired by the Christchurch Museum over sixty years ago, and there it is in New Zealand today.

## The Good and the Bad

A good and a bad item of flying news:

General Franco's aeroplanes have dropped 178,000 loaves of white bread on Madrid.

A plane loaded with explosives struck the tower of Notre Dame at Bruges; stonework was found a hundred yards away, but the explosives happily did not go off.

## PICTURES FOR JACK TARS

### A Merry Life on the Ocean Wave

The picture-house is everywhere, in towns, in the backwoods, on the fringe of deserts, in every country and clime. It has become possible for a popular film actor to have an audience of hundreds of millions.

The Navy has caught the infection. The Admiralty has placed an order for 150 sets of talkie apparatus for the use of warships and naval bases. The naval chiefs have set up a branch to control the service and its programmes. Sailors themselves will work the apparatus.

It is hoped that thousands of films will be shown, with a weekly change of programme in a sea-going ship, just as though it were a landsman's cinema.

The cost will be met by the Admiralty; it will be about £12,000 a year. Each Jack Tar is to pay a penny a week, and this will be supplemented by a grant of a penny a head.

Thus the life of the sailor is becoming very different from that of the days when the Royal Navy was manned by the press gang and ships were constantly in a state of mutiny. The more we learn of the hardships of the sailors of the bad old days the more we wonder at the brilliance of the victories they won.

## Heroes of Galway Bay

One of the most heroic deeds of this summer has been signalled by the award of the Lifeboat Institution's bronze medal to the coxswain and six men of a Galway Bay lifeboat.

They worked for 14 hours in the rescue of 16 lives from the trawlers Nogi and Hatano, which also had heroes on board. When the Nogi went ashore four of the Hatano's crew set out in a tiny boat to save them, but were soon in danger.

The lifeboat first rescued this gallant band, a motorman leaping on board to smash a rowlock caught in the side of the lifeboat. Then, finding it impossible to take the lifeboat alongside the Nogi, five lifeboatmen leaped into the tiny boat, which was twice drifted to the Nogi and hauled back by a rope. One of the Nogi's crew, however, had been swept overboard, and it was eight hours before he was found exhausted on an island.

## The Last War and the Next

The Great War lasted four years and destroyed the lives of 10,000,000 men, and it achieved none of the objects for which it was fought. Is it foolish to assume that another war would last double the time and that 50,000,000 lives would be lost? Is there anything in life for which it was worth facing that?

We were going to live underground like rats to escape some foul death from the skies. What sort of new world was going to come out of that?

Mr Maxton, M P

## Unconquered

A group of Czecho-Slovak writers have sent a message to British writers thanking them for a letter of sympathy. In their reply the Czech writers say:

*Sacrificed but not conquered, we charge you, who for the present have escaped our lot, to persevere in the common struggle of mankind.*

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Callao	Cahl-lah-o
Cocos	Coe-cos
Endymion	En-dim-e-on
Ghiberti	Ge-ber-tee
Sarcophagus	Sar-kof-ag-us

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

There are now 71 proficiency badges for Scouts, three new ones added this year being for backwoodsmen, motor mechanics, and rabbit-keepers.

Over 5000 people crowded Westminster Abbey at a service with a collection for the Czechs last week.

In last week's great gale trees fell on a tram and a bus in London, and the wind blew a motor-lorry into the Thames.

Every day about 25,000 letters and postcards are sent from the Empire Exhibition post office.

In an endeavour to gather information about the speed and direction of air currents 50,000 postcards were dropped by an aeroplane flying 16,000 feet over Paris not long ago, most of them being picked up 25 miles away.

A miniature motor-cycle fitted with a 1½ h.p. engine, made by an Inverness photographer, has successfully climbed Ben Nevis.

The Defence Force of the Irish Free State has taken over the last of the British forts on the Irish coast, Dunree and Leenan.

Two cygnets from the family of the famous swans on the Bishop's Moat at Wells are to be put on the Medway near Rochester.

A Matlock man in his will has remembered 50 people and 24 institutions.

France has 8,000,000 cyclists who pay £560,000 as a tax on their machines; the tax is about 1s 6d.

## THINGS SEEN

A brilliant ball of fire sweeping the sky at Falmouth last week.

September lambs in a field at Wrotham in Kent.

A white tortoise on a golf course.

Litter thrown out of a police car in Camberwell.

A line of ink blots 50 yards long on the pavement of the Strand.

A cat with a litter of kittens in a pigeon-cote full of pigeons in Slingsby, Yorkshire.

Two scarves hanging in Thames Ditton Church for the use of hatless women.

## THINGS SAID

I would mobilise industry tomorrow.

Lord Baldwin

It was as though the finger of God had drawn a rainbow across the sky and ratified again His covenant with man.

Lord Baldwin

You are approaching Chesterfield, the centre of Industrial England.

On a Derbyshire road sign

The news is like the morning, perfect.

A village postman on Peace Day

I want to see an orchestra in every school.

Sir Henry Wood

If some of our young men would step on the spade a little more and on the accelerator a little less I think they would be better for it.

Mr C. H. Middleton

## THE BROADCASTER

As a thanksgiving for peace Eastbourne is to spend a penny rate to benefit the unemployed.

THE acres under flax in East Anglia have increased in four years from 10 to 2400.

LAST year was one of the safest years in British civil aviation.

BLACKBURN Cathedral has received £5000 from Mr John Welch as a thanksgiving for Peace.

THE Government proposes to plan 300,000 acres of the Pennine country for preservation.

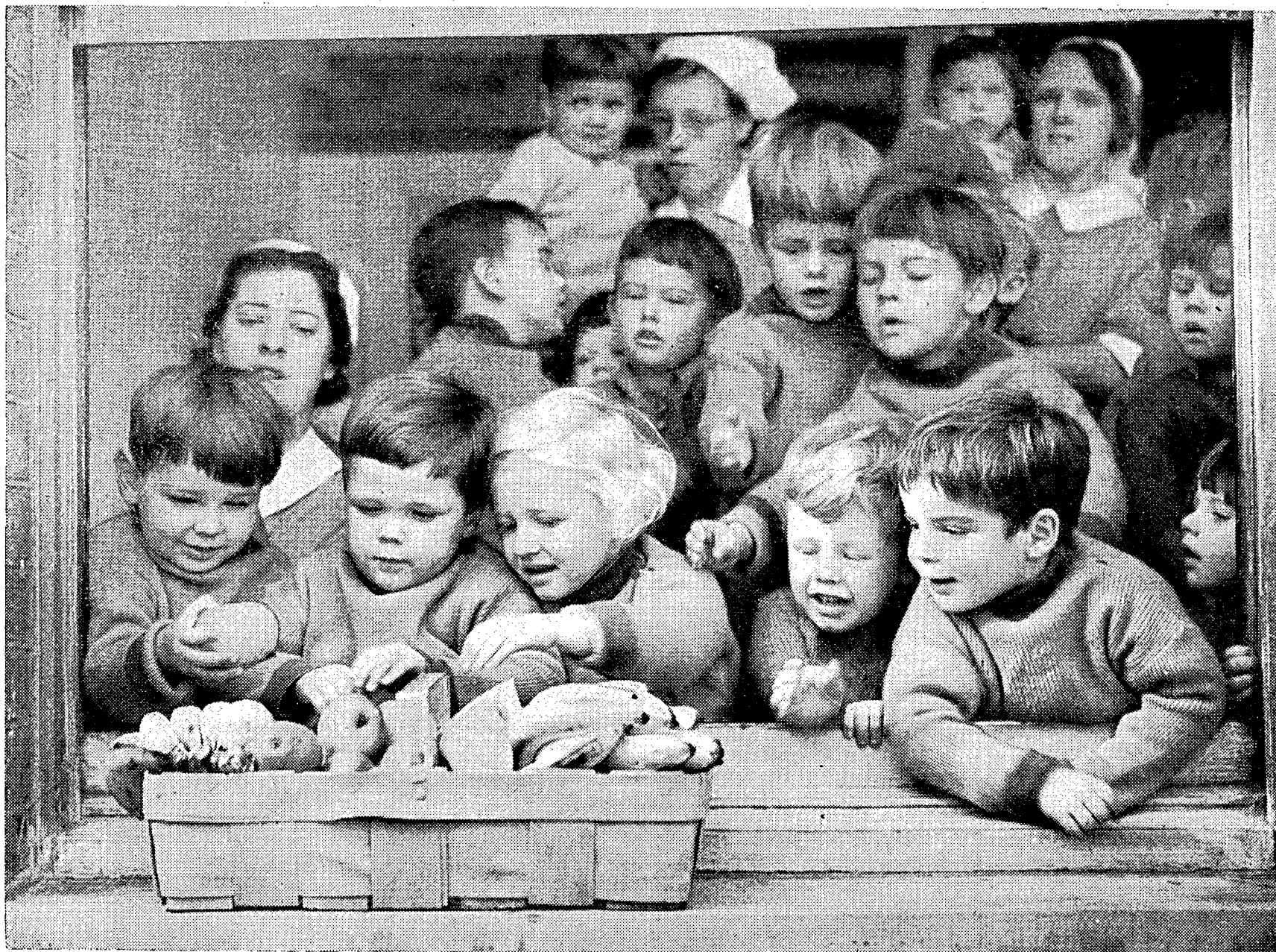


October 15, 1938

*The Children's Newspaper*

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## A Window Full of Happiness • Scouts in the Highlands



A Window Full of Happiness—A basket of fruit sent from a church after the harvest festival service proves a great attraction to the little ones in a Children's Home at Leytonstone



On Trek in the Highlands—Scouts hauling their trek cart across a narrow stream while on holiday in Scotland



## THE LEAGUE GOES ON A Good Thing Done

While the world was breathless with fear lest war should break upon Europe the League was holding its annual Assembly at Geneva.

Its work, overshadowed though it was, may prove of supreme value in the days that lie ahead, and it is significant that the meeting was adjourned.

By far the most important recommendation adopted was that the Covenant should in future stand alone, entirely separated from the Peace Treaties of 20 years ago. The Council, carrying out this new plan, at once decided to communicate it to America, Germany, Japan, Brazil, and other non-members of the League, together with proposals for collaboration between the League and non-member States.

The Council declared that the tension in Europe must not diminish China's right to the sympathy and aid of her fellow-members in the League, or cause them to neglect their duty of doing nothing that might weaken China's power of resistance. China had appealed against the use of poison gas, and the Council passed a resolution inviting Governments to investigate any reports of such use brought to their notice and to pass them on to the League.

### Spain's Loyal Act

The Spanish Government asked the League to verify the withdrawal of foreigners from their forces, and the Council consented, appointing a commission of three (from France, Britain, and Iran) to control the withdrawal and report to Geneva.

One vital reform, proposed by the representative of our own Government, proved to be impossible of acceptance. This was to exclude Article 11, which concerns the action to be taken by the League in case of war or danger of war, from the rule which requires that every decision shall be unanimous. The unanimity required for passing this alteration (which would confine the unanimous vote to the members who were not parties to the dispute) was not forthcoming. Hungary and Poland voted against the 29 nations who supported it; 11 abstained from voting.

Altogether it may be considered a good thing for peace that the Assembly met and went on with its work during the days of stress, and it is all to the good that the causes of previous failure were faced and discussed, with a view to securing reforms which would bring all the nations of the world together.

## Where Every Prospect Pleases

A searching inquiry into conditions in the West Indies is being conducted by the Royal Commission.

The public has been shocked by the labour troubles in these lovely islands, where Nature is kindly and needs only the cooperation of men to create conditions of wealth and happiness. It is not good to know that the Negro populations are seething with discontent.

Great tracts of fertile land remain undeveloped, even while the population is underfed. It is astonishing to learn that food has to be imported into islands which have abundant fertility.

Lord Olivier, who knows the subject well, pleads for the sugar industry. His point is that the price of sugar is too low to enable the industry to flourish in the West Indies. Hence low wages and discontent. His suggestion is that an Imperial Sugar Board or Trust should control the entire sugar industry of the British Empire. By this means, he contends, a fair price could be paid to growers at a tiny cost to the consumer.

## 50 Ideas About It

It is my fervent hope that a new era of friendship and prosperity may be dawning among the peoples of the world.  
King George

The Czecho-Slovakian Government is resolved to make sacrifices which never before in history were exacted from an undefeated State. Czech Government

It is a complete, almost irrevocable defeat for Democracy. Sydney Telegraph

Germany is now the dominant Power in Europe. A Stockholm view

I have taken the decision to save life and to save the nation. Superior force has compelled us. Czech Prime Minister

The conference of four would not have decided the fate of history under an arch of triumph but for the fifth wise European, Czecho-Slovakia.

A Rumanian view

I have five sons of military age, and today they wish they were in uniform to fight against might. Dean of Chichester

Hard and unjust, but inevitable.

Bishop of Gloucester

If our soldiers have not had to leave for the frontier it is mainly due to the persistent efforts of this noble Englishman. Geneva will not forget.

Journal de Genève

The spirit of Stalin wanders through the halls of the League of Nations while the democratic statesmen negotiate with the Nazi leaders.

A German writer

The world can only hope that the forces set in motion will come to rest before the clash avoided in 1938 reaches its climax on a greater scale and at more desperate hazard. New York Herald

The negotiations have been throughout conducted so as to exclude effective Parliamentary consultation.

A group of public people

The forces which stand for peaceful and orderly relations should not relax but redouble their efforts. Mr Cordell Hull

The brutal methods of national aggrandisement have been publicly renounced by their principal exponents. The Times

It would be desperate indeed if this were to be a cringing peace, gained by throwing sops to the Dictators.

Manchester Guardian

The surrender of Czecho-Slovakia has brought us within reach of a Power which has openly scorned the principles of morality and justice.

A group of public people

The price paid has been heavy. What is more serious is an appearance of friendliness which seems to condone the brutality, oppression, and tyranny on which Fascism and Nazism have been built up.

Bishop of Birmingham

Britain must make itself efficient against the day of trial, which will surely come.

Bishop of Durham

We dare not doubt that this lifting of the cloud is an answer to the great volume of prayer.

Archbishop of Canterbury

I often wonder when women will speak with one voice and demand that men put away their disastrous and deadly toys before this planet goes up in smoke as a result of their madness.

Miss Florence White

If the League of Nations had been able to fulfil the purpose for which it was created we could never have reached these dangers. Archbishop of Canterbury

The causes which brought us to the brink of the abyss have their root in refusal to obey God's Will. We know too well what they have been: aggressive national ambitions, reliance on brute force, covetousness of material things, indifference to the needs of other peoples.

Archbishop of Canterbury

We are now in a position to build up peace on a wide scale; it can only be peace with understanding and the negation of violence.

General Smuts

Czecho-Slovakia lost her territory, but Europe lost one of her excuses for war, and millions have come to believe in justice through negotiation. Toronto Globe

The partition dividing all human life from universal calamity seemed as thin as a sheet of paper.

J. L. Garvin

Was it not monstrous that a million Frenchmen should find themselves threatened with sentence of death to repair the mistakes of a Foreign Office policy that has long been obsolete?

Scrutator in Sunday Times

Herr Hitler never keeps a promise if it suits his incalculable mood to break it. This is the fourth time he has renounced the seizure of territory by force.

Manchester Guardian

Mr Chamberlain has shown more of the spirit of the Founder of Christianity than any English-speaking politician we can remember since Abraham Lincoln.

New York Daily News

I address a token of esteem to Mr Chamberlain. Such affection and respect as is felt for him has not been found in England since the Age of Gladstone. This knight of peace, who possesses neither hatred, envy, nor fierceness, has attained the highest summit of human grandeur and acquired honour greater than that of all conquerors. His name is blessed today in all the homes of the earth.

Señor Garcia Calderon of Peru

The nations have already suffering enough to relieve, with the multitudes of refugees crying at their doors.

Bishop of Chichester

We now know that in future it will not be easy to set the world on fire.

Norway's Prime Minister

Then we did not die in vain.

On a bunch of red poppies at the Cenotaph

Through this distress you have been realising, have you not, what you value most in life—not surely mere success or money or passing pleasures, but the old abiding things, home and love and friendship.

Archbishop of Canterbury

The drama outside the theatre was bigger than anything Shakespeare wrote; nobody wanted to listen to warlike speeches on the stage.

Mr Ivor Novello

There's a God up there; he will stop one man from committing so great a crime.

An old farmer on Romney Marsh

Let no man say too high a price has been paid for peace until he has searched his soul and found himself willing to risk in war the lives of those nearest and dearest to him.

New York Times

If I were convinced that any nation had made up its mind to dominate the world by fear of its force, I should feel it must be resisted.

Mr Chamberlain

If we could only make friends with Germany, Niemoeller would be out of prison in a week.

Bishop of London

It is part of the Nazi creed that in a continent so small as Europe there is no room for two conceptions of what is right and wrong.

Yorkshire Post

We have all learned to see one truth clearly—in the life and intercourse of nations nothing balances peace.

Stockholm Tidningen

We cannot afford any longer to be weak, unorganised, a go-as-you-please nation. If our freedom means anything to us we have got to make some sacrifice to preserve it.

Mr L. S. Amery, M P

Can the Nazi philosophy replace hatred with magnanimity? On the answer depends the position of Germany a year from now.

Mr Beverley Baxter, M P

A great city has become a great peril. London has had its glimpse of reality and cannot but be conscious of many gaps in its protection that could have been made good by timely exercise and training.

The Observer

Hitler's perseverance and Mussolini's vision have succeeded in excluding

## WORLD TRIBUTES TO MR CHAMBERLAIN

It would need many columns of the C N to record the tributes paid by a grateful world to Mr Chamberlain, but we place on record a few of the more striking ideas suggested or carried out.

Newspapers of Sweden, Norway, and other countries urged that he should be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Swedish papers proposed that he should be awarded the Order of the Seraphim.

Versailles made him an honorary citizen, and arranged to name one of the streets after him.

A Lille paper proposed that every municipality in the areas invaded in the war should name a street after him.

Strasbourg renamed its Avenue de la Paix the Avenue Neville Chamberlain.

A fund was established by the Paris Soir to buy him a house in France, to be named the House of Peace.

The Paris L'Oeuvre, with a gift of £150, opened a fund for presentation to Mrs Chamberlain.

One French paper advocated the erection of monuments in every capital in the world to "the saviour of modern Europe." A Lisbon paper suggested the erection in one of the city's parks of a monument to him from Grateful Mothers.

### Flowers Sent by Air

Geneva is to name one of its chief streets Neville Chamberlain. The inhabitants of the Swiss Canton of Neuchâtel are presenting him with one of their famous gold clocks.

Savoy peasants picked bunches of beautiful wild flowers and sent them by air to 10 Downing Street.

Holland sent flowers by aeroplane and opened funds for more lasting gifts.

Adopting a suggestion by a Liège newspaper, the schoolchildren of that city are signing a Golden Book expressing their gratitude.

Sir Charles Hyde has offered £10,000 to establish a Neville Chamberlain Scholarship at Birmingham University.

Sir Francis Joseph has given £1000 to endow a Chamberlain bed in North Staffordshire Infirmary.

Mr Bernard Docker has given £1000 to endow a Chamberlain bed in Westminster Hospital.

Twelve houses for Service men are to be built at Blackpool by Mr William Parkinson in memory of Mr Chamberlain.

One of his constituents, Mr John Dibble, has given £1000 to Birmingham hospitals.

Boulogne is to give him a replica in ivory, inlaid with gold, of the town's statue of Britannia.

Continued from the previous column

Russia from the Councils of the European Powers.

Hamburger Fremdenblatt

Though the price was fixed in ugly circumstances the price was just; the ugly circumstances are the work of the years since 1918, and every nation has had its share in them.

Bishop of Chester

All that the Czecho-Slovak nation receives is a crown of thorns.

A broadcast from Prague

What stands out above all is the recklessness with which the controller of the mightiest war machine in the world contemplated the risk of a world war.

Daily Telegraph

Time will show whether Herr Hitler bowed to a temporary expediency and relegated to cold storage far-reaching ambitions for which he may await a more favourable opportunity.

Daily Telegraph

If the Church went forward in the power of God to outlaw war it would open to mankind the path of deliverance.

Dean of Westminster

Hitler's object is Czecho-Slovakia's extinction; Poland next. A Russian view



## FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF PARADISE STREET

It is pathetic and disturbing to read that a man tramping from Glasgow to London in search of work was so worn out with his journey that he collapsed at Blackburn the other day.

Unemployed for months, he was making a gallant attempt to reach London when weariness and weakness (he had been without food for two days) proved to be too much for him.

Then he fell by the way; but it happens that he fell on the doorstep of a house in Paradise Street in which lives Miss Florence Nightingale!

We are glad to know that the name-sake of the Lady with the Lamp had compassion on the stranger at her door and proved his Good Samaritan.

## ONE IN SEVEN

Colliery owners and education committees are interested in an experiment which is being tried in Lancashire this winter.

A leading colliery is sending the young miners of Worsley and Leigh to school one day in seven. The idea is that these boys and young men shall have an opportunity of improving themselves mentally and physically. Every day from Monday to Friday a fresh contingent of youths visits the centre, where they are given physical training and are taught mathematics, English, and science; and in this way 100 young men are going back to school one day a week. They receive full pay for attending school.

## YOUTH ABROAD

We are glad to learn that the School Journey Association is widening its ambitions and is now adding the United States to the lands visited.

The secretary of the association says that some 15,000 children have made school journeys to European countries this summer, and he hopes to arrange for some of these children to go next year to the United States, where contacts have so far been extremely limited. What stands in the way is the heavy cost incurred and the time spent in the Atlantic voyage.

## PRESIDENTS ON STAMPS

Postage stamp collectors will welcome the new issue of United States stamps.

There are 31, ranging in value from 14 to 17 cents, and they are devoted to portraits of presidents of America. The series will be valuable to students of history, and it is surprising that more nations do not issue historical stamps.

## IT IS A VERY LITTLE WORLD

A few days ago two girls were wandering round the Merchant Adventurers Hall in York. They examined it carefully, and after a while one went over to the visitors book and signed her name. In the meantime the other girl had finished her inspection, and, taking up the pen, she was about to sign the book when, to the surprise of one or two other visitors, she dropped it and ran after the first girl, calling, "You are Dutch?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"So am I!" was the excited reply.

Then they fell to chattering in double Dutch to those who had witnessed the unexpected incident, and it turned out that both girls were from Apeldoorn, that both were studying architecture, and that both had been a month in York. They had never met in Holland. Strangers to each other till then, they now went out arm in arm, still talking of their experiences in Dutch.

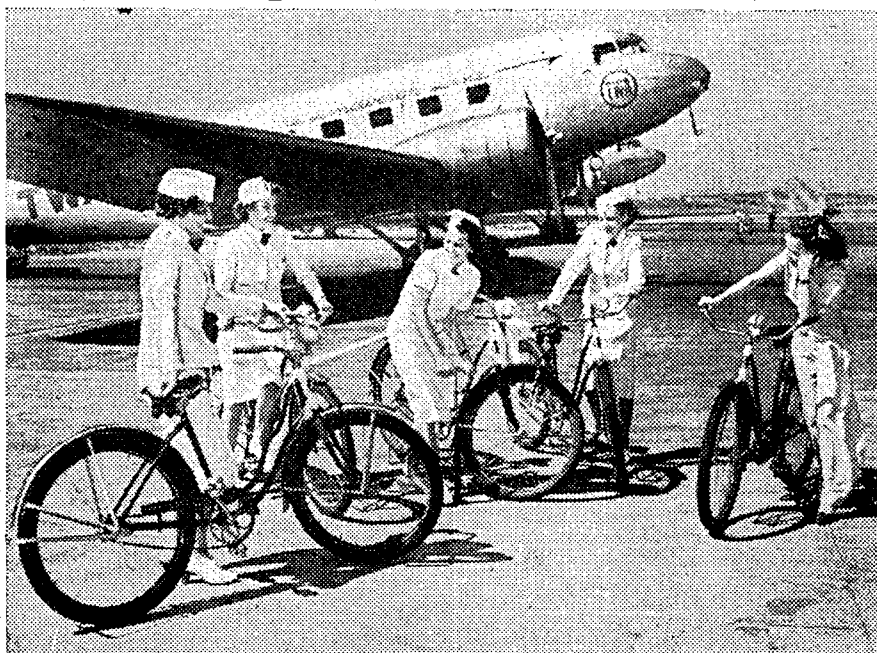
## A MONTH OF WORK

The soldiers of industry, always at work for us, suffer more than we know of. Here is a month's return of 226 deaths at work:

Seamen .. .. .	40
Railwaymen .. .. .	23
Mines and Quarries .. .. .	72
Building .. .. .	21
Factories .. .. .	70

That is over seven deaths a day. The number injured is many times as great.

# Wings and Wheels



Girl stewards of coast-to-coast American air liners setting off for a bicycle ride

## THE HAPPY VILLAGES

The happiest villages in Scotland today are Newarthill, Cleland, and Newhouse in Lanarkshire.

For five years a deep depression has hung over them, for their coal mines have been idle, the pits having been worked out. Now, as the result of boring operations, the villages are ringing with the joyous news that a field of coal has been discovered, and soon the district will be once more humming with activity and there will be work for everyone.

## HEROISM ON A BLACK NIGHT

It is no easy task to tow a vessel. The crew of the motorship Salamaua gave a sigh of relief when they sailed into Sydney Harbour the other day, for they had towed the steamer Mako from New Zealand, and the journey had been full of excitement.

Twice in the middle of the night the Mako broke away in high seas, and the captain, showing great skill, managed to manoeuvre his ship alongside the drifting vessel, which was tossing about like a cork in pitch darkness. Then the crew did something very courageous: risking their lives, they jumped on to the truant ship.

Towing hawsers and ropes were flung to them, and they tied these and then climbed back to the motorship. The second time it happened the Mako's port light went and she drifted helpless, a menace to shipping, until the gallant men leapt on board her again and saved the situation.

## THE TRAVELLING SCHOOL

The Iraq Government has started a travelling school for Bedouin boys belonging to the Arab tribes who wander over the desert with their cattle. The teacher travels with them, and the boys meet in a black tent to learn reading, writing, arithmetic, Arabic, and English.

## The Worthing Lads and the Durham Lads

The worthy boys of Worthing are doing all they can for the deserving boys of Durham.

Mr McCulloch, who is warden of the Worthing Boys Club, is encouraging his Sussex lads to help Durham boys who are much less fortunate.

For six years Mr McCulloch was assistant organiser of clubs for Durham boys, and when he came south he brought with him a love of the north. That is why he is encouraging the boys of Worthing to raise enough money to enable their Durham friends to have a club-room of their own. The rent of the

room is £24, but the Worthing boys are contriving to find the money and pay every penny of it. One of them had the thrill of taking the cheque all the way to Durham. What is more, by going without luxuries these Worthing boys are saving up money for a dozen or more of them to go to Durham next Easter. The Worthing lads will play football against the Durham lads, and will go down a coalmine.

It is all part of a fine attempt that is being made to link together those with a fair share of the good things of life and those who have long had to do without.

## OUT WITH THE TIDE

Mr Richard Eglon, of Whitby in Yorkshire, has gone out with the tide. His soul has crossed the bar in peace, though he knew as much about storms as any man alive.

He lived to be 85, and for long years he was coxswain of the lifeboat, putting out to sea in the worst weather even when he was nearly 70. He loved to talk of the rescues he had made, and was proud of the nine hours he and his crew spent in a search for a ship which was blown out to sea in November 1920, one of the longest of all his vigils, and one of the most perilous of any in which he had taken part.

## THE LADY WHO ANSWERS THE WHISTLE

For 20 years 80-year-old Emily Newman has been delivering telegrams in the village of Bovington, Hertfordshire. She lives 100 yards away from the post office, and when there are any telegrams for her to deliver the postmaster blows a whistle to let her know. This vigorous old lady walks two miles nearly every day, and loves it.

## KEEPING THEIR OWN LOGS

The British Ship Adoption Society has grown tremendously since the scheme was started by the L C C a few years ago.

Now for the first time several lucky schoolboys have been taken on board cargo boats going to the Mediterranean. They were given the run of the ship and allowed to watch the cargo being unloaded at the various ports, where they were taken ashore by the officers.

They brought home with them logs, they had kept while on board, and these, as well as many of the gifts exchanged between the schools and their adopted ships, and other things relating to this splendid scheme, will be exhibited this month at the Baltic Shipping Exchange in St Mary Axe, London.

## 332 HOURS TO MAKE A CHURCH

For three and a half years two Canadian women gave up all their spare moments to fashion the small model mahogany church exhibited at the Saint John Exhibition in New Brunswick, Canada.

The woodcarvers have worked out that it took them 332 hours to make the model, all the work being done by hand. Visitors were attracted to this interesting exhibit by the silvery peal of its chime, which came all the way from Europe.

The loom on which weaving was demonstrated in the homecraft section was well accustomed to receiving a lot of attention, for it made its first public appearance in 1861. Very wonderful things are made on it: blankets, linen and cotton materials, and attractive Navajo rugs.

## HE NEVER SAW A WOMAN

A man who is said never in all his life to have seen a woman has died on Mount Athos in Greece.

He was Mihailo Tolotos. His mother died when he was born, and he was brought up as a child in the monastery on Mount Athos. For over 80 years he lived within the monastery walls, and as no woman is ever allowed inside the monk is believed to have died without setting eyes on one.

So far as is known, he never saw a film, a car, or an aeroplane. The monks gave him a special burial, for it is their boast that he was the only man in the world who lived long without having seen a woman.

## THE WEALTH OF SIBERIA

The search for oil, minerals, and metals is going on apace in Russia, and even farmers and hunters are searching for buried wealth, schoolchildren joining in the fun. Over 3000 geological expeditions have been sent out this year, and oil has been discovered in Eastern Siberia, reports saying that it lies only 656 feet below the surface. Beds of raw material for the optical industry have been found in Central Asia. Tin has been discovered in Svanetia, and zinc, lead, and silver have been brought to light in Northern Ossetia.

## FAITH IN AUSTRALIA

Perhaps the best-known of all Australian aircraft is called Faith in Australia, which has now logged 7000 hours and flown 650,000 miles.

As the Southern Moon the great Avro Ten was one of the pioneers of the air mail routes to Brisbane, Melbourne, and Hobart. Then it was given its present name and, rebuilt after having crashed at the end of a flight to England, it made a record flight back to Australia.

Faith in Australia carried the first official air mails from Australia to New Zealand and back, and from Melbourne to New Guinea and back. Many famous airmen have flown this veteran machine.

## POOR PUSSY

Here are two examples from the latest list of cases from the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

A cat that was always scratching an apparently painful head was found to have an elastic band round its neck, deeply embedded in the flesh. The band, only half an inch in diameter when in its natural position, had been stretched over the cat's head in fun and then forgotten!

A puppy was taken in with the report that it was suffering from a supposed fracture of a shoulder. A tiny point protruding from the skin proved to be a darning-needle the puppy had swallowed, and this having been removed the life of the pet was saved.

Cures of this sort, and others far more complicated, are constantly being effected at the Dispensary by skilled practitioners, but the tracing of the various maladies to their source is often very difficult.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 15 1938



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## Peace Has Its Duties

WE have seen, in these anxious days, how easily a sense of public duty is aroused in threatened times which is too often missing when the barometer is at Set Fair. We need a fuller appreciation of the fact that life is always a struggle against forces that would overthrow civilisation if not conquered in a fight that is without end.

It is indeed the need to sustain civilisation that makes war doubly to be feared. Men working for a common aim, to make life fair and worth living, are committed to a task which cannot be trifled with. When a war comes, to give pause to the common effort, and to change it into the pursuit of wholesale slaughter, much more than the lives of the dead is lost. We lose the proper maintenance of those left alive. Millions of children come to be reared in dire poverty and deprived of a chance in life. For a generation or more there is a set-back. The world today, in 1938, still bears innumerable scars left by the World War and its dire consequences.

If we clearly realise that poverty is natural and only to be effaced by an eternal and scientific struggle with natural force we perceive more clearly the evil of war. We are and must be soldiers in the cause of civilisation, always planning attacks on disease, under-feeding, poor housing, inadequate training, undeveloped minds, and all the other ugly symptoms of poverty. We have a stern duty in relation to these things, and must try to realise that such a duty is as pressing upon us in peace as it is in war.

Because the relation of man to his civilisation is so widely misunderstood we have a great waste of effort. Because of the erroneous impression that a great fund of wealth or money exists, in which it is a game to dip, we see millions missing their way and wasting their existence.

Too many children find themselves wondering what they are going to get out of life, in ignorance of the fact that happiness is only to be obtained at all by contributing to life. It is the contributor, the giver, who alone wins what is worth winning. It is the taker, the acquisitive one, who finds life turning to dust and ashes in his hands.

The never-ending war, the struggle to make happy homes in a smiling land, calls us all to duty. It is not enough to avoid the war which is killing. We have to engage in the true and honourable war of keeping alive all that makes for good.

## More Children

AFTER years of serious decline the number of children born in the second quarter of this year shows an increase.

The rise, only 480, is small compared with last year, but considerable (6000)—when compared with the average of the second quarters of the last five years.

This is better, but the number of children born is far below the number required to maintain the existing population of the country.

## An Invitation

THE River Ouse winds through green pastures on its way to York, and among the villages by which it flows broadly and pleasantly are Nether Poppleton and Upper Poppleton.

We are used to coming upon stern notices by our rivers, most of them telling us that trespassers will be prosecuted or warning us that bathing or fishing is not allowed. It is a pleasant surprise to find by this famous Yorkshire river a very friendly notice which says:

*Sunday is God's gift to you, and you have enjoyed it in these delightful surroundings. Before you go back tonight you may want to thank the Giver of all this loveliness. He has two houses in this parish—St Everilda Church, at the bottom of the village street, Nether Poppleton, and All Saints, on the village green, Upper Poppleton. The villagers will welcome you at evensong. Come as you are, so long as your heart is right.*

## The President's Family

MONSIEUR ALBERT LEBRUN, the President of the French Republic, promised, at the beginning of his seventh and last year of office, that he would be godfather to every fifteenth child born in a French family.

As a result he is now the godfather of 1600 children, each of them named after him. If a boy he is Albert; if a girl she is Alberte.

## Remarkable Savings in Small Sums

THE three chief forms of saving small sums are the Post Office Bank, Savings Certificates, and the Trustee Savings Banks.

It is now announced that the sums invested in these three forms on March 31 this year amounted to £1,433,600,000.

That amounts to over £30 for every man, woman, and child in the land, giving an average of £120 per family of four. That is a very remarkable fact, especially as there are other forms of saving, such as building societies.

## The Two Ways

THE aims of Socialism achieved under the protection and on the basis of the principles of liberty offer a programme of hope and progress, while the aims of Socialism achieved through the denial or destruction of liberty are a fatal blow to all that is highest and best in human nature.

Dr Nicholas Murray Butler

## Those Who Know and Those Who Do Not

THEY jest at scars who never felt a wound.

It is equally true that when talk of war is abroad it is the experienced soldier who is least enthusiastic about it. Nothing was more noticeable than the peace letters which appeared in the press from soldiers and sailors of high rank.

A writer has been telling us how he dined with a party of civilians and soldiers. The three civilians were warlike; the three soldiers were pacifist. One of the fighting men said that every war arises out of the war that went before it, and the second soldier and the third were of the same opinion.

War has a glamour only for those who do not know the truth about it.

## JUST AN IDEA

*It may be impossible for us to influence the international situation, but at least we can keep the peace at home.*

## Peace in the Heart

While wars and their effects are all about us, let us be sure we know how to find peace for our own hearts. Here is Henry Van Dyke's recipe.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars, to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them, to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts, to covet nothing that is your neighbour's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners, to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.

## War

WAR makes beasts of men. War destroys in an instant what has taken years to build.

War is savage and shatters civilisation.

War holds up the march of progress.

War lets loose men's worst passions.

War robs children of the glory of manhood and womanhood.

War makes citizens into murderers.

War replaces lofty ideals with base desires.

War makes the sane mad, the good bad, the just unjust.

War achieves nothing good and leaves only misery and shame.

War crushes the vanquished and betrays the victor.

War lays an intolerable burden on those who inherit the future.

War is senseless, unsatisfactory, ruinous, merciless, indefensible.

## Early to School

AN American educator tells us that children ought not to go to school until they are ten, his reason being that older children learn quickly, and that to begin earlier is needless.

Surely it all depends on what sort of lessons are given to children! It can hardly be good to leave a child without the power to read until it is ten, for before that age a child can make good use of books and learn things never to be forgotten. Equally, knowledge of proportions, of nature, of maps, music, shapes, can be quite readily and joyfully acquired at a tender age. Why wait until ten to learn how a plant lives, or what happens when a note is struck on a piano, or why sound comes from a wireless set?

To go to school may mean something or nothing. It ought to mean, and we believe it is coming to mean, a joyous adventure for the young.

## God's Pictures

Touched by a light that hath no name, A glory never sung, Aloft on sky and mountain wall Are God's great pictures hung.

John Greenleaf Whittier

## Under the Editor's Table

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a jerry-built house is a put-up job

THERE should be sweeping changes in the teaching of foreign languages, says a writer. We must brush up our French.

THE British public keep cool even in an emergency. No wonder, with their weather.

ASSISTANTS in a big grocery firm have started a choir. They know their scales.

ACTORS like acting at the open-air theatre. They are in work when they are out.

SUNFLOWERS planted in a Southwark garden have grown twelve feet high. Have passed their owner's expectations.

IT is nice to have money behind you. You can fall back on it.

GARDEN walls cause difficulties between neighbours. But one can usually get over them.

HI-LOW is a new bat and ball game. Sure to make a hit.

A MAN has been criticised for saying he had found a cure for rheumatism. He got it in the neck.



## THE HUMAN METEOR

### What a Plane Can Stand

A writer in a scientific paper has described the severest test to which an aeroplane can be submitted.

The machine is put into a vertical dive from a great height, with power full on. When the greatest possible speed has been attained the pilot pulls his stick rapidly back, bringing the aeroplane into level flight.

A pilot weighing 150 pounds is pressed down on his seat with a force of 1200 pounds; the blood may partially leave his brain; he may be temporarily blinded or even lose consciousness. An additional hazard lies in the fact that the wings may come off at the very moment when the pilot is physically incapable of using his parachute.

Naturally, the test pilot who puts a new aeroplane through a power dive is well paid. The American Air Service reports that Vance Breese, veteran test pilot, was employed to put a Northrop Delta machine through such a test. Knowing the dangers involved, Vance bound himself with tape from head to foot to help him to withstand the terrific strains. He took the plane up to 20,000 feet and dived through 16,000 feet to within 4000 feet of the ground before pulling out.

The speed indicator passed through 200, 300, and 400 miles an hour, finally reaching 425 miles an hour, when the instrument broke. But the test was entirely successful. Vance Breese received £1600 for his effort. The dive occupied 15 seconds, so that the rate of remuneration was £6400 a minute, or nearly £400,000 an hour.

## BETTER HOUSES FOR ALL

### Our Architects Show the Way

The improvement of his home is, or should be, of the deepest concern to every man. It is an excellent thing, therefore, that the Royal Institute of British Architects should be devoting its autumn exhibition, which opens this week, to the small house.

This exhibition consists of models, photographs, and diagrams arranged in three sections. The first illustrates the evils of shoddy building and wrong methods of developing an estate. The second gives examples of small houses and their grouping in the past; and it is always a joy to see what delightful results were achieved by the architects of the 17th and 18th centuries.

The third section, by far the largest and most valuable, suggests ways in which the structure, design, and fittings of the small modern house can be improved, and also how skilled town planning and the laying out of a building estate adds to the pleasure and comfort of the inhabitants.

Admission is free to this interesting collection, which will be on view in London at 66 Portland Place until October 29, when for two years it will be on tour in the suburbs of London and in the provinces.

Over 280,000 people visited the four travelling exhibitions of the R I B A last year; we expect this helpful exhibition to prove even more popular.

### Teacher

From Yorkshire comes the story of a teacher who had received her month's salary and was putting it into her bag when a small boy went up to her and asked confidingly, "Is that money?"

"Yes," said the teacher.

"Is it your wages?" was the next question.

Teacher said it was. There was a pause, during which the child looked very thoughtful, and at last he whispered, "Where do you work, miss?"

## The League Covenant in Plain English

The League of Nations has decided in favour of separating the Covenant from the Treaty of Versailles, and it is a convenient time for us all to remind ourselves of what the Covenant says. We give it in our own words.

*The Nations, to promote cooperation among peoples and to give peace and security to the world, agree to this Covenant.*

1. ALL Nations signing this Covenant shall belong to the League. Any self-governing nation may join if two-thirds of the Assembly agree; any nation may withdraw after a two-year notice.

2. The League shall work through the Assembly, Council, and Secretariat.

3. The Assembly, consisting of Representatives of all States in the League, shall meet as need arises. All members have one vote only and not more than three Representatives.

4. The Council, consisting of Representatives of the principal Powers with Representatives of nine other States chosen by the Assembly, shall meet as need arises, but at least once a year. Any State may send a Representative during the discussion of any matter concerning that State. All members have one vote and one Representative.

5. Assembly or Council decisions, except in certain cases, must be unanimous.

6. The Permanent Secretariat shall consist of the Secretary-General and the staff appointed by the Council.

All expenses shall be borne by members as decided by the Assembly.

7. The seat of the League is Geneva.

All positions shall be open to men and women. Members, officials, and property shall enjoy diplomatic privileges.

8. The League agrees that peace requires the reducing of armaments to the lowest possible point for national safety and for carrying out League decisions. The Council shall make plans for reducing armaments, taking account of the special needs of each State.

The League shall seek to prevent the evils of private trade in arms.

All members will exchange full information as to their war strength.

9. A Permanent Military Commission shall advise the Council on any matters arising out of Article 1 and Article 8.

10. All members will respect and preserve against aggression the territory and independence of other members, and when such aggression is threatened will consider how to fulfil this obligation.

11. Any war or threat of war anywhere concerns all the League, which shall take any action likely to safeguard peace. Any member may call attention to any danger to peace.

12. Members will submit any dispute to arbitrators or judges, or to the Council, and will in no case go to war until three months after a decision. Arbitrators shall act within a reasonable time, and the Council report within six months.

13. The Court for legal disputes shall be the Permanent Court of International Justice, or any Tribunal agreed to by the parties. Members will accept any decision. Should the judges fail, the Council shall propose what shall be done.

14. The Permanent Court of International Justice, set up by the Council, shall have power to settle all disputes submitted to it or to advise the Council or Assembly.

15. Should any disputing members fail to inform the League of their dispute, any other member may do so. The disputing parties will then state their case and produce their papers, which the Council may publish. If the Council cannot settle the dispute it shall issue a report and recommendations, and if these are accepted unanimously (except for the disputing parties) members will not go to war with any party which accepts the Council's recommendations.

The Council may refer the dispute to the Assembly, which shall decide by a majority if the Council is unanimous.

If the Council cannot agree members shall take what action they think wise.

The Council shall not intervene in any domestic question in any country.

16. Should any member go to war in defiance of the Covenant it shall be held to be at war against all members, and all other members shall break off all relations and prevent all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between members of the offending State and those of every other, whether members or not.

The Council shall recommend what military, naval, or air force each nation shall contribute to the armed forces for protecting the Covenant. Members will support each other in all measures.

Any offending member may be expelled by the unanimous vote of all other members on the Council.

17. In case of a dispute a non-member may be invited to join the League for the purpose of such dispute, and the Council shall then inquire and recommend action as seems best. Should the non-member refuse to join, the forces of the League shall be used against it.

If both parties defy the League the Council may act as it thinks best to prevent hostilities and settle the dispute.

18. Every treaty between members shall be registered and published, and shall not otherwise be binding.

19. Any treaty becoming out-of-date or a danger to peace may be revised.

20. Any treaty between members ceases to have force if it offends the Covenant.

21. Nothing in the Covenant shall affect any treaty of peaceful understanding, such as the Monroe Doctrine.

22. The welfare of backward peoples unable to stand by themselves in the modern world is a sacred trust of civilisation, and all backward peoples brought under new Governments by the war shall be governed on behalf of the League by nations who can and will do this. Such nations shall be called Mandatories, ruling under Mandates. There are three kinds of mandates.

A. For such communities as need only advice and assistance until they can stand alone. Here the wishes of the people must be the chief consideration.

B. For peoples, such as those in Central Africa, who are rather like children. They must be guaranteed freedom of conscience and religion, the maintenance of order and morals, prohibition of all traffic in arms, slaves, and alcohol, and the prevention of all military training, except for keeping the law and defending the land. There shall be equal trade rights for all members.

C. For remote territories and islands which, owing to their situation, small size, or other reasons, can be best controlled by the Mandatory as part of its own territory.

An annual report must be made to the Council by all Mandatories.

23. Members of the League will try to maintain fair and humane conditions of labour for men, women, and children everywhere; will treat justly all natives under their control; will act through the League wherever traffic in opium, drugs, women, or children, is concerned; will support the League in controlling the trade in arms where necessary for public safety; will maintain freedom of trade and communication for all; and will seek to control and prevent disease.

24. The League shall accept the direction of all international commissions, with the agreement of those concerned.

25. The League shall encourage all Red Cross organisations for the improvement of health, the prevention of disease, and the removal of suffering.

26. The Covenant may be revised by the Council and Assembly, but no change shall bind any member who does not agree, though in that case such member shall cease to belong to the League.

## THE APPETITE OF A BIRD

### Let Poets and Flatterers Beware

It is All Change with British birds just now.

Some are migrating, some a little way, some across the seas to lands afar, to seek the food a British winter denies them. Happily, others are crowding in to take their places, these being the birds that went north in the spring to make their nests and rear their young near or within the Arctic Circle.

There is food enough for the newcomers, for they do not rely on insects and soft fruits, but on nuts, berries, acorns, and such living sustenance as they can find in the fields and along the margin of sea, lake, and river.

It is all very well, when we are not hungry, to be told that we have the appetite of a bird; that may be anything but a compliment, for birds are among the lustiest eaters in the world. Their blood is hotter than ours, and such temperatures require heavy supplies of heat-producing food. If we ate as they do we should die of it.

### The Owl and the Mice

If our appetite is likened to that of a robin, to justify the comparison we should have to eat two and a half times our own weight in 24 hours. An owl eats seven mice at a meal, rests three hours, then takes a similar meal, and continues at that rate so long as the sun is out of the sky. The greedy woodpigeon has been found to have over a thousand grains of corn in its crop after a meal.

The bigger birds may not equal the record of the nestling tom tit, which demands 25 meals between sunrise and sunset; but an adjutant stork will snap up a cat or a puppy, and, with this as an appetiser, set to work in earnest on a huge snake or a banquet of fat lizards. The cormorant and the pelican eat till they are drowsy with the load they have taken aboard; the degenerate kea parrot of New Zealand, attacking defenceless sheep, gorges till it can barely rise.

### Diet for a Day

A few years ago an American scientist, having captured a Virginia wren, a marsh bird weighing less than half a pound, fed it to its heart's content. It ate 144 beetles, 12 grasshoppers, 12 mealworms, three waterbeetles, a water scorpion, two small sunfishes, a caterpillar, a stickleback, another fish two inches long, a cricket, and 15 flies. A similar diet the next day included the addition of five hornets, a two-inch crayfish, a frog, and an eight-inch grass snake. A bird's appetite, indeed!

The Zoo's biggest ostrich, which died there a few years ago, was found to weigh 260 pounds, as much as 120,000 humming-birds, the tiniest of the winged vertebrates. In its crop were two handkerchiefs, three gloves, a camera film spool, a long pencil, part of a comb, a tyre valve, two nails, a clock key, a glove-fastener, a piece of wood, part of a gold necklace, two collar studs, a penny, four halfpennies, two farthings, and a Belgian franc.

So the poets and our flatterers had better be careful of whom they say that their appetite is like a bird's.

### The Acrobatic Crocodile

When an Imperial Airways flying-boat was taking off at Port Bell on Lake Victoria, Africa, not long ago the pilot and passengers saw a most unusual occurrence.

About 40 yards away a nine-foot crocodile was leaping out of the water, its whole body visible as it cleared the surface by about four feet. Natives in the district were much interested in the crocodile's feat, as nobody had ever thought it possible for these cumbersome reptiles to be able to jump full length out of the water like this.



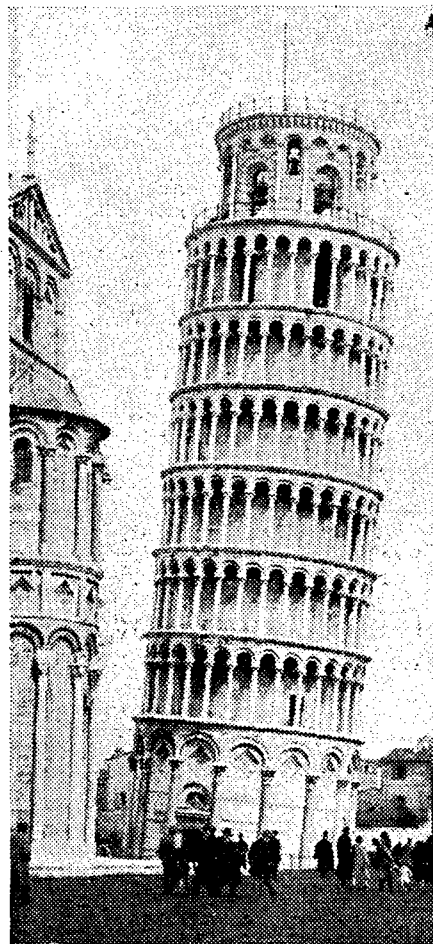
# THE INCALCULABLE TREASURE OF

Never before have the treasures of Europe been in such great peril as under the menacing shadow of war which passed over us all. It is worth while to look at the treasures that men have heaped up for ages on this wonderful continent, all placed at the mercy of a bomb if ever war should come.

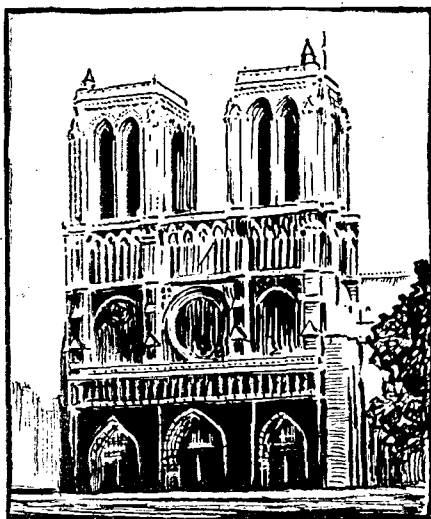
No power of words can bring into the mind a vision of the glory men have put into Europe. There have always been some men striving to give Europe some beautiful thing. There have always been men and women who have spent their lives in dreaming of beautiful things and of impressing their vision in some way on the minds of their fellows and of all who shall come after them. Never for long has the chain been broken; here and there in the darkest ages some man, faithful to mankind, was copying a precious manuscript in his monastic cell; some poor mason was chiselling a rough piece of marble until there grew out of it the face of a child; some humble artist was painting a picture on a little church wall; some builder was shaping a pinnacle for a cathedral spire; some worker in wood or iron was making a little casket that we look at with wonder even now.

We walk about London and see all the wonder built up in its streets for a thousand years, crowned by the Dome of St Paul's and the Towers of Westminster and with a glorious array of modern buildings and an accumulation of treasure unsurpassed in the world.

We walk down a street in Florence and look up at a thing that Michael Angelo put there; we walk through a country lane in England and peep through a hedge into gardens planted by John Evelyn; we go through a door in Rome and see the work that Raphael did, as fresh as if he had left it yesterday; we steal quietly through the old-world streets of Pisa and climb the tower Galileo climbed when he wrote a new page in the book of know-



The Leaning Tower of Pisa



Notre Dame, Paris

ledge; we meet Augustus addressing his soldiers, clad in his suit of mail as the artist must have seen him. We see Marcus Aurelius on his horse at the top of the Capitol Hill in Rome; we touch the beautiful sarcophagus of Alexander in which the Conqueror of the World was laid when death had conquered him.

All these things would be in danger if war should come to Europe. It would not be merely the Venus of Milo that would go if a bomb should fall on the Louvre in Paris, for it would scatter ruin in a treasure-house that has no rival on the earth. It would take us two hours to walk through this great place without stopping, and no two hours in any lifetime could be more filled with wonder and beauty than two hours in the Louvre.

Its treasure is beyond all calculation. There is one glorious collection worth £800,000, housed in a little room decorated at a cost of £10,000, and it was given to France by a great family that had its rise in Germany. There are 3000 ancient sculptures, 2500 paintings, and many thousands of drawings by the great artists of all nations. There are the best Raphaels in Europe, and Titians in abundance. There are six rooms full of antiquities from Assyria and Phoenicia, five rooms full of sculpture of the Middle Ages rescued from ruined churches in the French Revolution, five rooms that speak to us of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, two halls with relics of the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and five rooms filled with the glorious statues that French sculptors are giving to the world in our own time.

## The Little Blue Chapels of Paris and Rome

AND there are little things in tens of thousands that are worth stopping to see. It would be a pity if a bomb should strike the figure of a boy and a goose which has come down to us through twenty centuries, or the little silver plaque showing the holy women at the Sepulchre, made by some gentlewoman's hand at St Denis 800 years ago. It would be a pity, too, if the hand of war should fall on two little blue chapels in Europe. They

are surely among the sweetest little places on the earth. One is Sainte-Chapelle, tucked away among the Paris Courts of Justice, and for at least 600 years it has drawn within its doors those rare travellers to Paris who seek out its quiet places. The other little chapel is in Rome, and here lies Saint Cecilia, the wife of a Roman soldier in the days when Christianity was struggling to make its way into Europe. She converted her husband and her judges, but she was murdered herself, and she has lain here, in this lovely little place, for a thousand years and more.

It is terrible to think that destruction might await such sacred things as these, that the wrath of man might destroy in a night what the love and labour of men have built up through many generations.

How many lives of men, how much planning and toiling and self-sacrifice, have gone to the setting up in France of those sublime cathedral towers and fronts which never pass from the vision of the traveller who has seen



The Venus of Milo

them once? These mighty monuments, almost too great for us to grasp, were built up piece by piece and carved out inch by inch; one touch and then another till a man's life was done and another man took his place; one stone upon another till the topmost height was crowned. So year by year, generation after generation, from century to century, men laid up treasure upon earth. So rose Notre Dame, so rose the cathedral of Tours, so the fair face of France was adorned with the cathedral glory that Ruskin called the Bible of Amiens.

We do right to reverence Nature and to love the mountain peaks, but he is less than human who can look at these monuments of men and not be thrilled with pride; he is less than human who, coming into the world for a few short years and finding these things here, can blot them out of the world as he passes through. They can never be replaced. The treasures left behind by sixty generations of men are stored in our museums or set up in our open

streets—for men have set up priceless things for the wind and rain to beat upon, trusting that the world would care for them. They did not dream of flying men with bombs; they did not think the future would produce a civilisation willing to drop death and ruin from the clouds.

The streets of Paris, the streets of Rome, the streets of Brussels, the streets of Berlin, the streets of every capital of Europe have in them; planted often in ages past, a touch of immortality; and some day (who knows?) it may lie broken in the dust, one with the ruins of Greece and Rome. With one hand we dig up these ruins and label them in museums; shall we, with the other, lay in ruin the monuments of our own age for the future to dig up and put away?

## The Bomb Which Destroyed the Splendour of Athens

IT is of some interest for us now to remember that it is to a German lieutenant that the world owes the destruction of one of the noblest buildings ever set up in Europe—the Parthenon which crowned the Acropolis of Athens. Here came Socrates and Plato and Aristotle; here came Demosthenes; here, to this most perfect monument of Art (begun over four centuries before Christianity), with a hundred columns, fifty lifesize statues, and a frieze 500 feet long, came all the great Greeks whose names are written for ever in the history of human thought.

But neither the dignity of these great names, nor the love of the past, nor the quality of greatness in itself, is anything to the god of war, who must be fed with human lives and the finest product of the human mind; and so the Turkish Army stored its powder in the Parthenon, and a German officer in the opposing army of Venetians fired a bomb which broke in two the architectural pride of Athens and the crowning splendour of the most famous hill in the history of civilisation. To this day the ruin stands to warn us against the folly which destroyed it.

But the warning was not heeded. Europe slipped back into Barbarism, and there is nothing that scientific savages would not do.

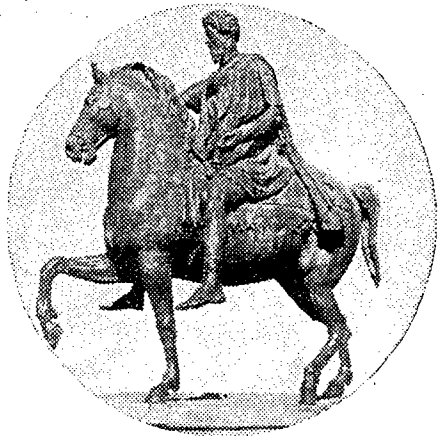
Everywhere the war god is the same. It was in war that the ancient library of Alexandria was burned to ashes, and by the madman's hand that lit the flame there perished from the world the greatest accumulation of knowledge that men had ever brought



The Dome of St Paul's



# EUROPE THAT PEACE HAS SAVED



Marcus Aurelius on his horse

together at that time. It was in war that Raphael's tapestries were injured beyond repair. Made at Brussels, in wool and silk and gold, from cartoons among the most admirable of all Raphael's works, they were destined for the Sistine Chapel in Rome; but war has robbed Michael Angelo's chapel of this priceless glory, for the tapestries were captured and sold to a Jew at Genoa, and today they have but a poor remnant of their original value. Should war ever reach the banks of the Tiber, the safety of the Sistine Chapel itself and also of the Vatican, and perhaps of the whole of Rome, will be imperilled.

Here, in this unparalleled palace, where popes have lived for 1400 years, where Charlemagne lived on his first visit to Rome in the year 800, is gathered together incalculable treasure. Here, for all the ages of the world to see, Michael Angelo left his noblest work; here Raphael crowded spacious walls with his immortal figures. The traveller leaves the Vatican with an overwhelming sense of glory; nowhere else in the world is brought together such a boundless wealth of astonishing things as in this building, which we think of, perhaps, as a sort of marble forest, so enormous are the distances under its roof. One half of one of its corridors has 700 marble sculptures; the other half has 5000 precious inscriptions from pagan and early Christian times let into the walls. Another corridor has the first maps of the world built into the sides; others are packed with visible glories of the Roman Empire that are, naturally, unmatched in any other place.

## Portraits of Roman Emperors by Men Who Saw Them

THE length of the Vatican is given as 1150 feet and the breadth as 167 feet; it has eight grand staircases, twenty courts, and thousands of rooms.

A single bomb dropped from the sky might fall in a little room crowded with portraits of the Roman emperors and their families made in marble by men who saw them.

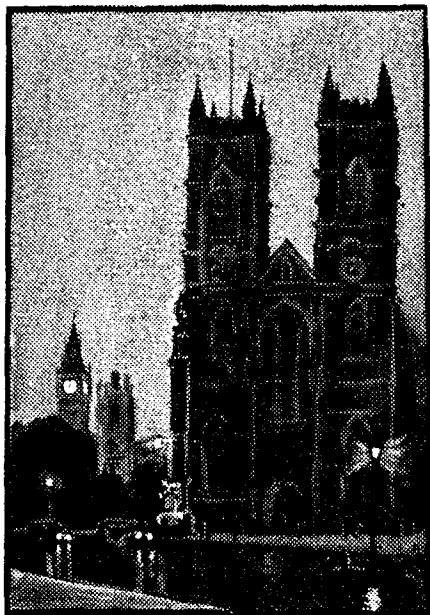
A shell falling on one beautiful hall in the Vatican would destroy fifty statues and ninety busts unequalled in interest anywhere else in the same space, including Augustus speaking to his soldiers; Titus, the conqueror of Jerusalem, and his daughter; Diana beholding the sleeping Endymion; Demosthenes with a scroll in his hand, as Athens knew him so well; a group of sixteen playing children; a mosaic with Diana of the Ephesians; Hadrian, the Emperor of Britain; Mark

Antony, who loved Caesar; Ulysses; and old statues of poets, athletes, barbarian chiefs, and other figures who seem to be stepping out of the ancient world as we stand and look at them. Trajan, too, is in this precious little hall—Trajan, in whose forum there still stands the marble column with a spiral band winding round it carved with 2500 human figures. All these are at the mercy of the bomb.

And there stands at the top of a staircase in Rome the beautiful tomb of St Helena, made from one immense block of porphyry, with the triumph of Helena's son Constantine carved upon it. It has been in Rome 750 years, and lay in fragments in a cloister from 1600 to 1750. But somebody cared enough for this stately tomb to keep several men seven years in restoring it and polishing it, and it is one of a thousand impressive pieces of masonry so beautifully carved that, though they are but tombs of death, they seem almost to be alive.

We think of the beautiful ring of statues in which Napoleon lies, all undeserving of such a resting-place, and wonder what will happen to that if the destroyers should work their will in Paris. But the block of red stone from Russia in which the coffin of Napoleon is laid would probably be unhurt; much more likely to be in danger is the glorious Marseillaise relief on the Arc de Triomphe, one of the most vivid sculptures exposed in the streets of Europe to the mercy of an enemy in the clouds.

It is hardly possible for those whose lot it has been to travel in Europe in



The Towers of Westminster

happier days to read the terrible news that has been coming from day to day without trembling for the fate of these priceless treasures which belong, not to our day, but to time past and time to come. The hand and soul and brain of a man that have hewn a piece of marble from a rock, and, by years of loving labour, have made it into something like a spoken thought, a piece of the mind of a man, a vision of humanity enduring after its maker has gone—were all these things to be targets for bombs?

A great man's portrait is a noble gift to posterity; it is something that we can stand and see Caesar as he was; it is something that we should see

Savonarola as his friend saw him in his tiny cell; it is something that we should see Alexander, bareheaded, driving his chariot to battle, and know that he was just like that. Not far away from him, as we look down on the great mosaic rescued



Cologne Cathedral

from Herculaneum, stands the finest marble horse of antiquity, its head carried off by a cannon-ball a hundred years ago. We have learned much since then—we have found power and learned to use it, and have changed the face of the earth—but who knows how long the hundred thousand wonders saved from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the thousand lovely cameos, the thousand ancient frescoes, the 80,000 coins, the 13,000 small bronzes unique in the world, could be saved from the Flying Bomber of Civilised Europe and the bomb he drops in the dark?

Everywhere, in all the ages of the world, men have sought to leave behind for us something we could look at, something it would lift up our hearts to see. We think of Nicholas Poussin of Normandy, who could live nowhere but in Rome, who gave his life to bring before our eyes the great figures of history and ancient Greek and Roman mythology.

He would study broken statues and pore over ruins to get the secret of their beauty, and carry it on as a mother carries on the breath of life; and he would pick up a handful of earth, with fragments of lime and grains of porphyry and marble, and would hand it to a Roman friend, and bid him, "Take this to your museum, and say, This is ancient Rome." So men have loved the past and saved it for us that we might love it too.

They have built windows of transparent stone, like the stone of which Nero built a temple, which had no windows yet was light as day. They have made cathedral gates which compel all men to stop and gaze upon them as they pass, like the gates of Ghiberti, of which Michael Angelo said that they were fit to be the gates of Heaven. They have translated into marble the joy and praise of the Psalms of David, as in the singing

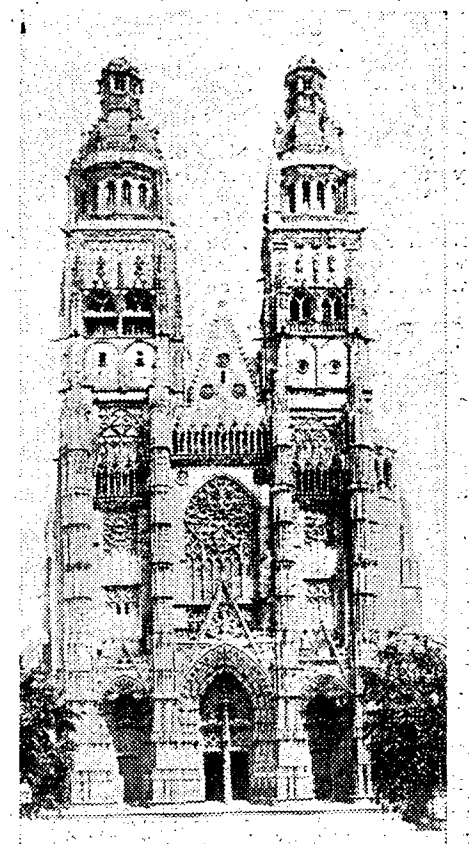
choir of Luca della Robbia, and worthy of immortality.

They have given us quiet cloisters in cities, where men can put off the stress and strain of the working day and walk as in another world. They have built up temples and filled them with solemn splendour; have laid out gardens fit for angels' feet to walk in. We may sit for hours enthralled by the charm of some small thing; we may live for years in the cities men have made and never tire of their beauty. Only the god of war cares nothing for these things.

## Two Men of Music Stricken by the Curse of War

A HUNDRED years ago, when the French army was firing on Vienna, two men sat listening to the guns that thundered through the streets. In a cellar sat Beethoven, vainly trying to shut out the sound of the guns from his ears, lest they should ruin his hearing and make him deaf to music; in another room Haydn struggled up in his bed, and with his dying fingers played the Austrian National Anthem to try to drown the noise of the enemy's fire. It is a terrible picture, the picture of these two men, whose music will live for ever, sitting, while life and power were ebbing from them, stricken helpless by the curse of war. It is the way of war, destroyer of mankind, cherisher of hate, consumer of the breath of life. Today their names are nobler far than those of any generals in war. They live while these others perish.

And so, this Europe, with treasure all untold, shall have another treasure yet. When the last sword has rusted in its sheath, and the last dropper of bombs has perished amid the loathing of mankind, the music of the world will sound again, and it will sound the coming of the Day of Days when men shall lay up for themselves the illimitable treasure of Peace.



Tours Cathedral



## A PRIME MINISTER AT A CONFERENCE

### Diplomacy in the Old Days

Our Prime Minister was wise to use an interpreter during his conversations with Herr Hitler, and his doing so reminds us of a story of another Prime Minister not quite so ready to be wise.

It was in 1878 that Lord Beaconsfield decided to let the world know that at any rate one Englishman could speak French. He was attending the Congress dealing with affairs concerning the Russo-Turkish War, and he had the idea of making an important public speech in French. The Foreign Office, distressed at the prospect, was so disturbed that the officials appealed to our ambassador to prevent it if possible.

The ambassador was a diplomat. He knew that Dizzy was determined to show off his French, and he also knew that the speech would probably be a fiasco, if not dangerous. He therefore made it his business to call on Dizzy, and, as he was about to leave, he said casually, "By the way, I ought to tell you how much disappointment is felt now that it is known you are to make your speech at Congress in French."

"Disappointment?" Dizzy looked at him in wonder. "Why should they be disappointed? Is not French the language most generally understood on the Continent?"

"Undoubtedly, my lord," replied the ambassador; "but everyone had been looking forward to hearing English spoken by its greatest living master, and if I might venture to intercede it would be to beg of you to predispose them favourably by pleasing them in this matter."

The speech was made in English.

## Stacks and Rats

It seems that Lincolnshire is in need of a Pied Piper, for the farmers are complaining of armies of rats which are eating their way into stacks and doing immense damage.

Rats which make themselves at home for the winter in the middle of a stack may cost the farmer as much as £20.

Hitherto no one seems to have known how to keep them out, but now a Saxby farmer is trying an experiment which we may be sure other farmers will copy if it proves to be satisfactory. He is Mr Hope Barton, and his notion is to build his stacks on a platform resting on 12 concrete pillars about 36 inches high. The pillars are smooth, and at the top of each is a circular piece of tin about a yard across. Whether the rats will be able to leap into the straw remains to be seen, but at any rate they will find it much more difficult to take up their winter quarters in Mr Barton's stacks than in others placed on the ground.

## Rotary's Good Deed

The Rotarians of Leeds and Harrogate have been doing their good deed by making it possible for 30 small boys and girls attending the Woodhouse Nursery School to have a kind of holiday-school at Harrogate for a fortnight.

The little scholars arrived with their own beds and all their belongings at Birk Crag Holiday Camp, the oldest among them being no more than five. They lived in huts, having their meals, their midday sleep, and lessons and play in a lovely corner of the world.

Many of the children were from homes darkened by the shadow of unemployment; and the idea the Rotarians had in mind was that they might not only give these children fresh air and good food during term time, but also enable their harassed parents to have a fortnight's rest and change. We think it was a lovely thing to do.

# The Canal is Moving With the Times

**A**FTER flowing undisturbed for so many years the English canal is moving with the times.

In St Pancras, where centenary celebrations have been held, special mention was made of the Regent's Park Canal, which has seldom made its mark since the explosion of some barges carrying gunpowder woke half London sixty years ago.

As the Grand Union Canal it carries now more goods than it has ever done since it was cut in that busy period of canal-building which came to an end with the railways, but which laid out nearly 4000 miles of canals in England.

The Minister of Transport has opened recently a big new warehouse at Birmingham by the side of the canal, and he opened it in style at the head of a procession of boats. These were not the ancient canal barges lazily pulled by a hard-worked horse, but were propelled by motor machinery. Since the canal and its barges were mechanised for higher speed of transit more and more firms move their goods by canal, between Midland towns and seaports, and from them overseas.

### Meeting-Place of the Waterways

There are some old-fashioned canals still left, and we know none more charming than the canalised Wey, leading from Weybridge to Godalming by 26 locks. Anyone who wished to see the country unsullied and remote could do no better than make this journey, finding little other company than a lock-keeper at every third lock, and the cows coming down from the fields to the shallows.

It is Birmingham that lies at the heart of our canal system. Our country's waterways take the form of a St Andrew's Cross, with its extremities at London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Hull, the meeting-place of the four arms being on the heights of the capital of the Midlands.

Through the city and about it runs an intricate network of water, permeating the Black Country of Staffordshire and extending its branches into Warwickshire and Worcestershire. The Birmingham canal system has a length of 156 miles, including its numerous branches but not the countless basins owned by business firms and railways. There are ten different levels, ranging from 209 feet to 511 feet above sea-level, the most important being the

Wolverhampton Level, 53 miles long at 473 feet; the Birmingham Level, 33 miles long at 453 feet; and the Walsall Level, 20 miles long at 408 feet. If we made a journey over the 156 miles we should ascend or descend 25 flights of locks, entering 216 separate locks altogether.

The four arms of the St Andrew's Cross along which this local network of waterways is fed by goods from overseas are the 137-mile-long Grand Union Canal running to the Thames, the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal to the Severn and the Sharpness Docks on its estuary, the Shropshire Union Canal to Chester and Liverpool, and that branch of the Trent and Mersey Canal which goes to Nottingham, the Trent providing the link with the Humber. The Coventry Canal forms another important link between two important centres.

One of the supreme difficulties of the canals has been to maintain the water at so great a height above sea-level, the water having to be pumped up after its descent through the lock gates. This has sometimes amounted to 50,000,000 gallons a day. Another difficulty is that widening within the built-up area has proved impossible, factories lining the very banks so that the barges have to be limited to three and a half feet. Every month 1000 boats pass along these canals, their loads amounting to some 3,000,000 tons a year; in the prosperous years before the war 8,000,000 tons was the figure.

### Passing Through 150 Locks

With a long climb over the Chilterns north-west of the basin of the Thames, and a steep ascent from the valley of Shakespeare's Avon, the Grand Union Canal makes its way into the Birmingham area to join the local network at Salford Bridge in Aston. Along both banks for nearly three miles here factories and wharves form a continuous line, among them being the city's electricity power station and gasworks.

This canal and its locks have been widened and deepened, so that a modern fleet of 50-ton barges ply to and from the Thames, where they load and unload in the Regent's Canal Dock. Ships from the Continent laden with over 1000 tons of metal can have their cargoes delivered in Birmingham in five days after their arrival, in spite of the 150 locks through which the barges have to pass on their way across England.

# Artificial Radium

**R**ADIUM, the miraculous metal which we owe to the devoted work of Madame Curie, has taken a high place in medical practice.

So powerful it is that it has to be used with the greatest care. It is impossible to realise fully its marvellous length of life. If we look into a spintharoscope, a little brass tube with a lens at one end and at the other a fluorescent screen, with near the screen a watch hand bearing an infinitesimal particle of radium, we see the emanations from the radium causing flashes of light. Although the radium particle is so microscopical that it is no more than a 2000th part of a grain, it never wears out; year after year it pours out radiations, while men die, and their sons after them. In terms of human life radium seems indestructible. This indestructibility of radium makes it necessary to remove it from the body after application; it must not be allowed to remain or it would destroy bone and tissue.

With this brief explanation we can understand the virtue of a new invention, an artificial radium. Scientists have now produced "radio sodium," made

from common salt by the bombardment of its atoms. The radio sodium becomes radio-active, but, unlike radium itself, does not long retain this property. This is most valuable, because the temporary radio-activity robs the application of danger.

The new substance makes possible forms of treatment which are impossible with real radium, and it can be applied internally as an injection or as capsules to be swallowed.

Radium itself has a life of nearly 2000 years; the activity of artificial radium disappears within 24 hours. Another advantage is that radio sodium is relatively cheap, whereas radium costs about £150,000 an ounce.

Once more we may point out to our readers what wonders lie ahead in the brave new world that man will surely make. A thousand or a million great discoveries await the searcher, the inventor, the man or woman resolved to do something worth doing.

The artificial radium is being made at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, and at Liverpool University.

## THE MEAN ENTERTAINMENT

### Hard Case of the Performing Animal

All who truly love animals dislike to see them performing tricks to order on the stage.

If for no other reason they dislike it because it looks so unnatural. It is contrary to animal nature. But there is another reason, well known to all who know anything about the private lives of performing animals when they are not showing their tricks to the public.

The tricks have to be taught, and, though some animals may learn easily, there are others whose lessons are nothing less than a form of cruelty. A dog or cat or monkey may learn tricks willingly, and as willingly perform when invited to do so; but these amateur performers are in quite a different case from the professionals who have to perform at the word of command, without fail and without failure. These are not taught by kindness, but in a very hard school.

A House of Commons Committee reported nearly twenty years ago that there were "certainly still many cases of ill-treatment and wanton cruelty in the training and performances of animals"; but though public opinion is on the side of putting an end to all possibility of such abuses the law as it stands at present is not strong enough to suppress them.

### An Expert Opinion

The only way would be to suppress all such performances. No one would miss them.

One likely cause of cruelty to animals is indicated in these words of Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, so long the Secretary of the Zoo: "If at a quarter past eight in the evening, when the curtain goes up, you have to get your animal on the stage and do the trick at once, lest the manager and the public be discontented, then, in my experience, there is the gravest possible risk that there has not only been cruelty in training the animal, but continuous cruelty in keeping the animal up to the mark for these timed performances."

Merely to divorce animals from their natural environment is only too likely to cause suffering, and when not performing they are imprisoned in small cages or cases like merchandise. By their trained tricks they give audiences a wrong idea of natural history, instead of cultivating the spirit of wonder which a real knowledge of animals inspires.

The present Performing Animals Act is insufficient. The R S P C A has therefore framed an amending Bill, which seeks to prohibit the training and exhibition of certain animals, especially those that are dangerous, and particularly all anthropoid apes. The C N warmly supports it and begs all our M P's to see that it goes through.

## A Wonder Clock

A remarkable clock is now attracting much attention at the Museum of Science and Industry in Rockefeller Centre, New York.

It has 93 dials, and was built for King Leopold of the Belgians by his countryman Lodewyk Zimmer; it tells the time not only anywhere on earth, but on the sun, the moon, and any of the planets, as well as the times of the tides!

The fastest indicator flashes round the dial in a hundredth of a second; the slowest will take 26,000 years to go once round its dial.

A somewhat similar clock exhibited in Belgium not long ago by its maker, 19-year-old Edgard Heirman, an engineer, has 144 dials and weighs seven tons.



## A HALL OF PEACE IN WALES

### Lest We Forget

Cardiff is to have a Hall of Nations dedicated by the Welsh people to the two great causes of humanity, health of the soul and health of the body.

Health of the soul can only be made secure when all peoples seek peace and ensue it, and so the main part of the building will house The Temple of Peace, where Welsh men and women and pilgrims from everywhere may join in religious services to offer supplication for it. The Welsh National Council of the League of Nations will have its headquarters in this building.

It will be opened by one of those who have most to lose and suffer in war, the Mothers. The Welsh mother, who typifies this loss and sacrifice, a woman acquainted with sorrow, will be accompanied at this opening ceremony by eight other mothers bereaved in the last war. They will come from England and Scotland, Ulster and the Irish Free State. Women delegates from the United States, the Dominions, and European countries will represent other mothers whom the war bereaved.

Lord Davies, who gave the building in Cathays Park, Cardiff, where the City Council allotted to it a site of four acres, has justly said that in the mothers, who are thinking today of what war would mean to their children, is the greatest will to peace.

Besides being the home of the Welsh branch of the League of Nations Union, the building will accommodate the headquarters of the Welsh National Memorial to Edward the Seventh for combating tuberculosis. This organisation spends £300,000 a year in dealing with the disease, which, thanks to this and similar efforts, is gradually and surely diminishing.

In the crypt of the Temple of Peace will be kept the Book of Remembrance, which records the names of all the Welshmen killed in the Great War.

## Friends of the Birds

This year the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds holds its jubilee.

Many are the humane triumphs it has won in its fifty years. The Duchess of Portland and other ladies led the way in the crusade against the barbarous use of egret plumes in women's hats. They succeeded in persuading the War Office to prohibit the use of these plumes in the headgear of all regiments. This was the first step in getting Parliament to pass Acts prohibiting the importation of the plumage of wild birds.

Prohibition of the sale of British wild birds has followed; and county councils may now protect species of our wild birds throughout the year.

Bird sanctuaries have resulted from the Society's never-ceasing efforts. There are four sanctuaries in Kent and others in Sussex, Somerset, Cheshire, Cumberland, Durham, Anglesey, and Fife.

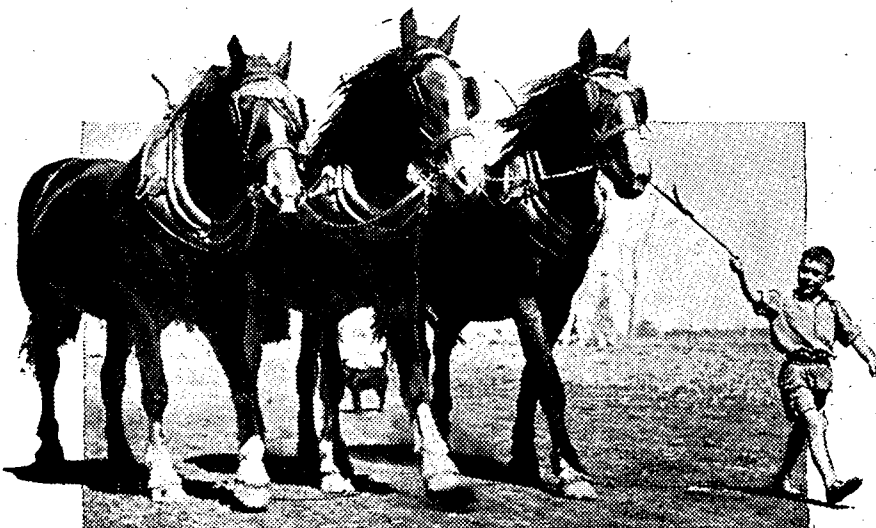
Six lighthouses on the routes the birds follow when they migrate have been fitted with perches on which the birds may settle and rest.

## Common Honesty

In the old days at the eating houses the knife and fork were chained to the counter, so that one could not walk away with them in a fit of absent-mindedness.

Something of the sort, it appears, will have to be done about the opera-glasses on automatic hire in the theatres, and borrowed by the insertion of sixpence in a slot. In 1937 no fewer than 2000 of these glasses were stolen; and the curious thing is that the glasses are only placed in the higher-priced seats frequented by the comfortable and well-to-do!

## Kingsley Fairbridge and the Spirit of the Flag



Four good friends at the Fairbridge Farm School of New South Wales at Molong

The Fairbridge Farm Schools are 28 years old, and we have been delighted, on looking through their annual report, to find a whole page of anonymous friends who have contributed something to this fine work.

We have counted over 80 of them, and these unknown people have sent in sums rising from a humble silver shilling to 2400 golden pounds. It is delightful also to see among the year's enrichments of this great work a legacy of £40,000. Rarely does such great munificence come to a great Empire movement like this, and never is generosity more wisely placed than in carrying on the work of Kingsley Fairbridge and his Schools.

Now it is certain that the work of Kingsley Fairbridge will go on and on through future years. There are 600 children in the school this year and there will be 800 next year, all carrying on the spirit of the Pioneer which stirred in the mind of the young Rhodes Scholar when he started his first Farm School.

We have come upon a poem in which Kingsley Fairbridge put his vision of the Pioneer long ago. His sister is still reading the C.N. to her children in South Africa, and it is good to know that the tragic fate of the pioneer in these verses has not befallen her brother. He stands among the Empire builders, and his spirit goes on in hundreds of brave young lives in Australia and on Vancouver Island.

## THE PAY OF THE PIONEER

A LITTLE mound on the mountain, a little cross in the clay,  
And wheel-spoor filling with water where the wagons turned away;  
A trampled break in the long grass where the cattle were inspanned,  
And the Pioneer has wandered to look for his newer land.

The clouds still hung on the skyline, the grass still bent with the rain,  
When the crows came back to the outspan to peck for wasted grain,  
And a jackal tripped to the clearing to nuzzle, and tremble, and peer,  
And to scratch, between whiles of waiting, the tomb of the Pioneer.

Only a jackal anigh him in the bed where he is laid,  
And six lone feet of the highveld by the road that he had made  
For the feet of the coming peoples, far back and so long ago:  
Yet they cursed his road for an ape-track. Ah, brother; they did not know!

He was the bravest among them, he was the pick of the crowd,  
Dauntless and frugal and cunning; tireless, blooded, and proud.  
But he gave his pride to his people, and he spilled his blood for the land,  
And he altered, and altered, and altered—and they could not understand.

He was the first man to venture, he was the first man to find!  
Trusting his life to his rifle, groping ahead in the blind!  
Seeking new lands for his people! This is the end of the day,  
A little mound on the mountain, a little cross in the clay.

A hungry jackal above him, a sombre flock of crows,  
A trampled break on the highveld where the sour hill-grass grows,  
And six lone feet in the bleakness where the weeping hill-winds sigh,  
For his work is done and accomplished, and—he is not wanted now.

This is the end of his labour, this is the end of his play:  
Fresh wheel-spoor filling with water where the wagons turned away;  
Cold sleep on the sodden upland that he was the first to find,  
And never a voice to mourn him, but the voice of the wet hill-wind.

A little brown in the greenness, an empty tin by the trail,  
Smoke-wreaths sinking to leeward as the dying fires fail;  
Pattering paws above him, and hungry eyes that peer,  
Is the end of a gallant venture; the pay of the Pioneer Kingsley Fairbridge

## THE TREASURE SEEKERS

### The Legend of Cocos Island

Has the last chapter in the sea search for the treasure of the lost ship Lutine really been written?

Dredging has been abandoned, and the opinion has been published that the gold, if any remains, has been too widely scattered by storm and tide to make recovery possible.

But the last has not been said. Treasure seekers never give up. Men come and go and methods change, but the quest, however hopeless, remains a romantic goal to be sought, each new expedition confident that it will succeed where others failed.

### An Island Storehouse

The gold of the Lutine and the buried hordes of stolen treasure on the island of Cocos are among the classic legends, both having claimed one expedition after another for a century. We know of one man of repute who, after exhaustive efforts in the island, is ready to go again when occasion serves.

Men who have once penetrated the Polar wastes feel themselves irresistibly called there again.

There is nothing in fiction to excel the romance of the Cocos story. An island of merely 16 square miles, it has wild pigs and wild goats, rats and cats; the pigs, cats, and goats all descended from animals left by provident seamen in past ages who, thinking of men who might be shipwrecked there, not only planted this animal colony, but sowed the island with seeds of vegetables and fruits. Nature had provided abundant coconuts, so all was ready for human habitation should need arise.

### A Pirate's Hoard

In course of time the island had many inhabitants; wrecked men, deserters from ships, and men put ashore from vessels on which they were discontented. But they passed on to other ships, and no one was in possession of Cocos when, about 1820, Benito Bonito, a Portuguese pirate with avenging ships in pursuit, landed and buried his booty, and then fled, only to be captured and hanged.

Some twenty years later, when Peru was in the throes of a revolution, a great quantity of money and plate was sent for safety from Lima to Callao, and from there to a little English ship, the Mary Dear, whose captain, yielding to sudden temptation, absconded, buried his ill-gotten riches on Cocos, and sailed away, to suffer a fate like that of the Portuguese pirate.

So, according to the story, there remained these two deposits of wealth, and it is this reputed treasure that men have been seeking for the last ninety and more years.

### Treasure Beyond Reach

There are dark stories of men landing stealthily from ships at night, to find enough money from the hoard to weigh them down, only to fight to the death on the beach. There was an English peer on whom a great rock fell; there were two Englishwomen who haunted the island, first for three months, then for six; and there was a veritable Robinson Crusoe who lived on Cocos in a little house of his own building, with pigs and goats tamed from the stock that had run wild, and who constructed his own mill in the course of a stream to drive it.

Why have they not found the buried gold—if buried gold there is? The official answer is that volcanic disturbances have so altered the face of the land that the original surface is now deeply buried, and that all the clues and all the treasure are far beyond the reach of mining. But still the search goes on, and so will that for the Lutine's cargo.



## THE PLAGUE THAT MUST BE ENDED

### Down With the Hoardings

#### SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE AT ONCE

Uncontrolled advertisements stand high among the causes which have helped to destroy the beauty of the countryside.

That is what the Town and Country Planning Committee appointed by the Ministry of Health says about the hoardings which are rapidly turning the countryside into a sort of circus.

Every country dweller knows it, and every traveller by the road knows these huge advertisements, as big as the side of a house, blaring with vulgarity by day and floodlit by night. They are a new form of ribbon development along the arterial roads, which no one raises a finger to stop.

#### Costly Sites

Some of these huge hoardings cost £100 each, so that the advertisers must believe that they pay their way. But if they do (which we hope is not the case) it is at the expense of all who love the country and hope in it to escape the uglier abuses of the town. In the town anyone can plaster advertisements wherever he can find anyone with a wall or a hoarding or a house for sale. There is some regulation about sky signs and neon signs, but few who pass along the streets can guess what it is; and as the streets are so often ugly to begin with nobody cares. There are patches of the Strand, the world's most famous highway, which are worth more as advertisement hoardings than as shops or offices, for the buildings are covered up by these advertisements.

It is a different thing with the country. Here is something that is beautiful and will remain beautiful if it is not disfigured. There was some hope that the arterial road would in due time become beautiful if it were generously treated, and at all events it opened up to travellers new views of the country. Everyone can see them now, but they will not be able to do so much longer if this fungus growth of advertisement hoarding is allowed to spread. It is becoming a vulgar disease.

#### Control Should be Established

There is only one remedy, and on that the Town Planning Committee speaks with a sure voice. It is useless to appeal to local authorities to put an end to this, or to several other public nuisances, because their powers are curtailed and so undefined that they do not know what they are. If they endeavour to put them into force they are met by the opposition of vested interests, which have money to spend and to spare.

There should be, as the Town Planning Committee unanimously recommends, a single and effective code for the control of advertising, and it should be administered by one Government Department. As the administration is for the public benefit and for the preservation of amenities which are public property, that Department should be the Ministry of Health.

There is no time to spare. Control should be established, says the Report, with the least possible delay.

It is good to read these words from a document of such authority, and we look forward to something being done at last to end the scandal of turning our public highways into touting backyards for buying and selling.

Perth in Western Australia had the lovely idea of using pigeons to carry its messages of goodwill to Kalgoolie when the famous mining town celebrated the 45th anniversary of the discovery of gold not long ago.

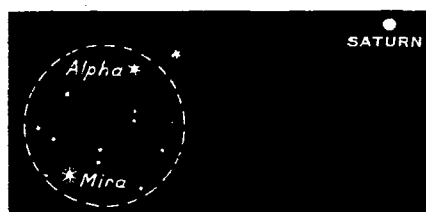
## BRILLIANT VENUS

### And the Marvel of Mira

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Venus, which has been for so long a splendid feature of the western sky in the evening, will be at her greatest brilliancy on Sunday, October 16. Being very low in the south-west and only visible a little way above the horizon for about half an hour after sunset, Venus sets a few minutes before six o'clock.

To see a star vanish is not a common sight, and so the opportunity, now at hand, of seeing the wonderful Mira gradually fade from view will be of interest, particularly when we realise what is taking place on that colossal sun which is 10,320,000 times farther away than our own. Possessing an average diameter of about 260 million miles, or some 300 times the diameter of our Sun, we see that, were it as near



The position of Mira relative to Saturn, the broken circle indicating the field-of-view of the glasses

to us, Mira would cover most of the sky at midday. Fortunately it is not as near, otherwise our world could not exist.

Mira will be quite easy to find with the aid of Saturn, the bright planet in the south-west, whose position was described last week. Some way to the south-east of Saturn will be seen Alpha in Pisces, a star of medium brightness. Below Alpha will be found Mira. The faint stars shown in the map as around Mira will be scarcely visible to the naked eye, but will be easily seen through glasses, the field-of-view of which is approximately indicated by the broken circle.

Mira, which is now at about its maximum brilliancy, should be much brighter than the star Alpha in Pisces; but of this we cannot be certain at the moment of writing, as the time and extent of the peak of Mira's outbursts fluctuate and vary considerably from year to year. The eruption observed here in 1936 was very intense; then Mira approached to nearly second magnitude and poured out an amount of light and heat something like 10,000 times greater than only five months before. It is fortunate for us that our Sun does not periodically do this, though we know that he has his own 11-year-cycle of upheavals, immeasurably less in degree.

#### A Dying Conflagration

Mira should now be easily identified, standing out much brighter than any star in its vicinity. This brightness will, however, not last, for in eight or nine weeks Mira will be seen gradually to fade and then ultimately vanish to the naked eye, though glasses will reveal it for two or three weeks longer, when no more will be seen of Mira for several months.

In the meantime this great conflagration on Mira will be dying down, its apparent magnitude diminishing to about ten, so that only a fairly powerful telescope will reveal it. Mira's surface temperature will on an average have become reduced from about 2400 degrees Centigrade to about 1800 degrees, and this colossal sun will have literally shrunk to a much smaller body.

Actually this particular event occurred 163 years ago, light in its passage having taken this long time to convey the energy which was then released across the vast chasm of space between us and Mira.

G. F. M.

## BOOKS WITHOUT END

### Preservation by Camera

When lately we were at Exeter Cathedral we saw a tableful of old books thrown out from the library for sale.

Anyone might have them for next to nothing because they cumbered the library shelves and nobody wanted them. Many scientific and literary institutions, from the Royal Society downwards, are loaded with weighty volumes which they would be glad to get rid of if anyone would like to take them away.

It was of such lumber that Sir William Bragg was thinking when he urged on the Congress at Oxford of the International Federation of Documentation the need of getting rid of out-of-date scientific treatises and replacing them by the most modern books. Science moves so fast nowadays that what was accepted yesterday is superseded today, and may be contradicted tomorrow. Meanwhile scientific books and periodicals multiply faster than librarians can catalogue their contents.

In connection with the Congress an exhibition has been opened at the Science Museum, showing what photography can do to keep the rising tide of books and documents from rising higher. There are cameras for reproducing books, in whole or in part, in reference libraries, with corresponding apparatus for magnifying the small images on the films to a size at which they can be read direct, or on a screen.

These cameras, employing kinematographic films of more than one size, are specially valuable for dealing with documents. They reduce the size to the smallest possible compass, and save space to an unlimited extent.

Other photographic apparatus reproduces copies to be made and sold, and at the exhibition examples are also shown of the way in which photography can reveal writing which is invisible on the original documents.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the broadcasts to schools for the week beginning Monday, October 17.

#### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Why We Cultivate the Soil: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Preparatory Concert Lessons—Songs that make Work Lighter: by J. W. Horton.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—Across the Moor. 2.30 Our English Speech (i): by Harold Orton. 3.0 Concert Lessons—Variations (ii), Organ.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The Story of Sennacherib: by E. A. Craddock. 2.30 Anaesthetics and Vaccination: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography—Riding the Air (by Zeppelin to America): by J. A. Sinclair. 2.5 The Nature Notebook and how to make a School Museum: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 British History—Monks and Monasteries: by E. A. Craddock.

FRIDAY, 2.5 From Jerusalem down to Jericho: by H. V. Morton. 2.45 Play—David the Shepherd Boy is anointed King. 3.10 A Feature Programme. 3.35 A Talk for Sixth Forms.

#### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Carrier: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Poetry Programme—Scott's Marmion. 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Making our voices sound pleasant: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Ourselves: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—Tuning-up: by Herbert Wise. 2.40 Toadstools and Mushrooms: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 Scottish History—The Land (ii): by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography—Making New Homes (On the Equator): by A. B. Cameron. 2.45 As National.

## A TESTIMONIAL FOR AMERICA

### A Few Good Things

A well-known German writer, Christa Winsloe, has much to say in praise of American customs. It may be regarded as a contribution to that *looking for good* which the world so much needs. Here are a few of her commendations.

**On Social Equality.** Imagine the warmth that envelops me when the chambermaid in the American hotel receives my request that the room be done immediately with the reply, Yes, dearie! Here in America I feel that everyone wishes to help me. The iceman says kindly, "You don't have to watch your ice chest. I'll fill her up when she needs it." The woman who calls for my washing says, "Sure, I'll gather it up and count it for you."

**On Railway Service.** And the American trains! In the one in which I travelled from Chicago to Los Angeles I was treated like a particularly delicate invalid. The porters behaved as though their luck in life depended upon my comfort. Now, I suspect that these people are not all unselfish angels trying to spread sweetness and light. Possibly it is all for the sake of business. But it does one good just the same.

**On Common Honesty.** America is a remarkably honest country. I spent my first two months in Vermont, out in the country. All household supplies were delivered to a post-box half a mile from the house. In this receptacle, unguarded and unlocked, groceries, books, farm instruments, letters with cheques in them, remained sometimes for hours. Nothing was ever stolen, in spite of the fact that the entire countryside knew that deliveries were made there daily. Nowhere between Budapest and Calais would this be thinkable!

**On Unfenced Gardens.** For me it is a continual wonder that gardens are built fenceless, accessible to all the neighbourhood's children and casual passers-by, and that roses still remain on their stems. In vast territories it is still the custom to leave one's house unlocked. The key under the mat is a unique American institution.

## The Yarrabah Mission

That the Aborigines are just as capable of assimilating knowledge as anyone else, if they are given the opportunity, is being proved at the Yarrabah Mission, which covers an area of 90 square miles in North Queensland.

This mission station is run like a village. Its 550 inhabitants live in houses built along main roads, and there is a shop, a hospital, a church, and a school that is attended by 200 boys and girls.

The houses were built by the black people themselves, for there is any amount of timber in the vicinity; and they also work two up-to-date sawmills and a power station.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of October 1913

**Photographs That Talk.** An electrical engineer, Mr T. H. Williams, seems to have completed a piece of very interesting research work on which men of science have been labouring for many years.

He has invented a new kind of talking machine, by using a curious thing known as a photo-electric cell. One of his inventions is the photo-gramophone. This produces speech and music in a clear and distinct manner, without the imperfection of mechanical talking-machines.

Another interesting invention is his photophonic kinematograph. In this a single band of film contains the moving pictures and photographs of the speech which the people in the pictures are uttering, so that when the light shines through the film the pictures talk.



## IS NOTHING SACRED?

### How to Rob a Man of Hope

Among recent American films there have been several dealing in scathing fashion with the methods of the American press, but it appears that even here journalists are increasingly employed to hunt sensations.

Mr John A. F. Watson, vice-president of the National Association of Prison Visitors, complains of the treatment of an ex-convict who, after serving a long sentence for crime, was released from Maidstone Prison after 15 years.

The Association did its best, gave the man clothes, and found him work, with money to tide him over. It was hoped he might pass unobtrusively into private life. But, says Mr Watson, it was not to be. Outside the prison waited a journalist, who insisted on interviewing him, followed him down the street, and discovered his destination, and the next morning there appeared in a London newspaper not only the man's name and the fact of his release, but all the details of his 15-year-old offence, no effort being spared to revive public interest in a crime for which he had suffered a terrible penalty and which had been long (and wisely) forgotten. Unkindest cut of all, this newspaper even published the name of the town to which the man was travelling, there to begin work and to make a new home.

This is not an exceptional case. Crime and criminals are advertised to breed crime and further to degrade criminals. Mr Watson speaks of a reporter renting a room overlooking a prison-gate, so that he can pounce on released convicts!

It seems to us that there is only one remedy for this scandal; it is to forbid the reporting of crime at all, save in exceptional cases.

An official report says that at Simla British soldiers are drinking less alcohol and more milk.

## Saving the British Coast

THE ringing of England's glorious seawall with most inglorious building estates covered with ugly bungalows is one of the saddest of all the ugly things now being done in the world.

The Town and Country Planning Advisory Committee, set up by the Ministry of Health, proposes an amendment in the law providing for local authorities to be empowered to set buildings back a reasonable distance from the coast-line, without incurring a general liability to pay compensation.

This amounts to a local option. Local authorities might or might not act under such a law. The suggestion is important, but surely the law should go farther. Why not a national law setting up a definite building line?

*The British shore is a national possession and should be safeguarded by law, not left to local discretion.*

Complete preservation of beautiful stretches of coast, it is thought by the Committee, might well be aided by State grants in aid. For our part we think a National Coast Commission

should be set up instantly to make a complete survey, and to make urgent recommendations as they proceed. There is no time to lose. The whole British coast should be bought up.

Other recommendations of the Committee are:

**Saving Trees:** The registration of trees to be enforceable during the development period.

**Design of Buildings:** Agricultural buildings to be subject to control of external appearance.

**General Development:** Strengthen the power to impose a temporary restriction on general development.

**Control of Advertising:** A single and effective code for the control of advertising to be put into force with the least possible delay.

The Committee thinks new roads are not always planned with due regard to the preservation of natural beauty, and that the building of long lines of houses along road frontages is not sufficiently controlled.

## LET THEM GO

### The Slums Are Falling Down

Nothing gives us greater pleasure than to record the disappearance of another slum.

The latest London attack on bad housing is the proposed rebuilding of 128 acres of ancient property in Bethnal Green. About a quarter of the entire borough, which has a population of 120,000, is involved.

The chairman of the Housing Committee, Mr Lewis Silkin, M.P., tracing the history of Bethnal Green's slums, says the L.C.C. has decided that the only satisfactory way of dealing with the district, where nearly a fourth of the population is living under overcrowded conditions, is by development on a wide scale. They began work on schemes which dealt with an area of 64 acres; now they propose to deal with an area twice as big.

The schemes mean a complete re-zoning of the areas and the allocation of definite portions for industrial, commercial, and residential purposes, with proper provision of open spaces. Some miles of unnecessary streets will be closed, and others widened. This involves the building of blocks of flats.

London still has 71,000 overcrowded families, and on an average two families out of three share a house. Sometimes four families share a small house.

### The Old Cottage

New Zealand began to attract British settlers less than a hundred years ago.

A reminder of how young New Zealand is was given recently when an old cottage had to be removed to make way for a new post office in the seaport borough of New Plymouth, on the west coast of North Island. The cottage was 97 years old, and it was the oldest building in New Plymouth. It had been built of Baltic pine in sections in England and shipped to New Plymouth in 1841. The first settlers were West Country folk.

## Pencil and Paper For Spain

AN air mail letter from Barcelona brings to readers of the Children's Newspaper thanks for their very generous gifts of paper and pencils for the children in the refugee colonies of Spain.

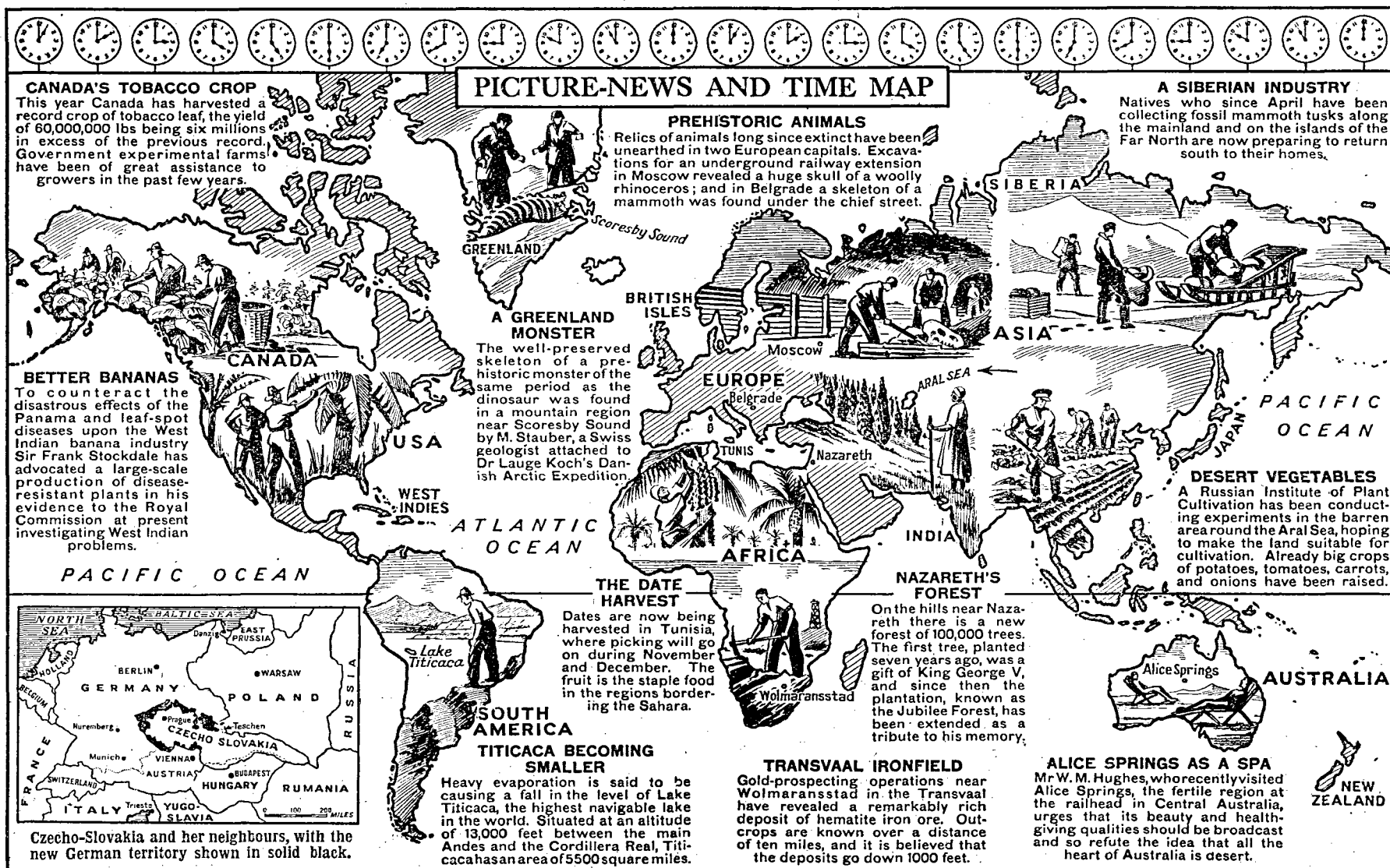
Alfred Jacob, who was going out to Barcelona by car at the time the appeal was made, expected to take the pencils and paper with him. He writes that they had 60 parcels sent in, and so were not able to take them back in the car as planned, but had to have them sent by sea; this method of transport is the slowest imaginable at this time and they have only just received the parcels.

It is practically impossible now to get paper or pencils in Barcelona. The other day Mr Jacob visited a model school, one of the new ones established by the Government and specially favoured because it was designed for refugee children;

and there were no exercise books or even blank paper, the children having to write and draw on the back of propaganda material! A little school with 33 children in a dark room in the slums received with tremendous joy the other day an allowance of 33 books and pencils from the British gift.

We heard that the reading of the request for stationery from the C.N. to one Friends Meeting alone resulted in 400 note-books and nearly 700 pencils being collected, largely through the gift from one school of all the pencils which happened to be in Lost Property that week. Here is an idea which other schools might like to adopt.

Any further gifts of pencils and paper for Alfred Jacob should be sent to him c/o Messrs Smith and Herbert, 112 Golden Lane, London, E.C.





# ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

## The Net Maker

### CHAPTER 3 The Big Risk

THE acquaintance which David had struck up with Marcovitch on the morning they had lunched together by the side of the lake advanced apace; as David took care that it should.

He had given Marcovitch his name and said where he was staying, and had been told in return that Marcovitch was a retired engineer, living on his savings, travelling considerably, and speaking almost every language in Europe. The man, indeed, was proud of his command of languages. As day after day they sat on the rocks at St Gingolph, while Marcovitch made nets—"It's a species of rest-cure," he'd laugh—he would begin to speak first in one tongue and then in another, ringing change after change and enjoying David's apparent bewilderment.

Sometimes Marcovitch would point to the fishermen's boats, such mere cockleshells, some putting out, some drifting in with their catches. "It amuses me," he would utter in his slow tones. "They labour so hard, my good friends there, to catch such small fish. Such tiny fish! Were I in their place I'd go after big fish, big fish!"

For a week now he had been spending long mornings with Marcovitch, who, as David grew more and more convinced, was waiting in this quiet spot for some secret news.

"What manner of big fish would you go after, m'sieur?"

His companion's narrow eyes glittered. "Ah, my young *Anglais*, there are many fine fish in the ocean ripe for the net! Did it ever occur to you that most of the world is a fishing-ground where the man of enterprise can fish to his profit? But come, *mon ami*! I show you my boat."

Then he rose and led the way to the jetty of roughly-hewn stone, where a little motor-boat was lying at rope's length.

He stooped and, releasing the cable from the iron ring in the stone, drew her alongside the steps. "Jump in!" he invited. "I'll take you out for a spin. She's small, but she's fast; few faster 'twixt here and Geneva."

So they scrambled aboard, where Marcovitch went to the engine and tiller and David found room in the bows.

Was his opportunity dawning? He believed that it was. He believed that the hour for which he had waited had struck. His breath came unsteadily. Fear rushed at him. Out here in the middle of the lake, all alone with this scoundrel, the resolve he had formed in the midst of friendly faces on the steamer was assuming such a terribly different shape.

As he eyed his companion busying himself with the engine David detected a familiar bulge in his hip-pocket. There was no doubt the man was carrying a pistol.

Then it happened that the engine, which had been running erratically, stalled. With a savage mutter Marcovitch started to fumble at it; rather clumsily for an engineer, David reflected. But keeping that thought to himself, "May I have a look at it?" he suggested.

"Do you understand engines?"

"A little," said David.

"Come on, then."

Then David in his turn stooped over the engine, and as soon as he had put it to rights he drew a deep breath and spoke.

"Monsieur Marcovitch," was what he said, in a level, ordinary tone, "you know the plans of that aero-engine you've stolen? I lay you that engine will never give this sort of trouble."

It was out. He had played his card. He was tightening his muscles and bracing himself for the issue. He saw the man's wizened face work convulsively, then followed dumb stupefaction.

At last Marcovitch moved, and, motioning David out of the way, he took the engine over without a word. Then he stopped the boat. And, crouched in the bows, David saw his hand go to his hip-pocket.

"Now," he uttered, keeping his hand where it was, "perhaps you'll tell me what you know about that aero-engine?"

A sculler in an outrigger passed within hail. A fishing vessel went tacking into the wind. Some gulls flew overhead, screaming. Down the skies trailed a plume of grey smoke as a distant steamer, white as a swan, swept towards Montreux. Of all these David was conscious as he framed the reply on which he was staking the upshot.

"You ask me how I know, Monsieur Marcovitch," he answered. "Let me tell you. I know because I have come from London on purpose to recover those stolen

plans. I belong to the British Secret Service, m'sieur."

David had spoken with that very boyish expression and that juvenile air he could always assume when he liked. And he smiled, too, most boyishly.

An instant, while his heart leaped into his mouth. An instant, while his life, he knew, hung on a thread; another instant, while the muscles at Marcovitch's mouth twitched; and then that happened on which David Renwick had staked all. His companion burst out laughing. Ridiculous! Would this mere child be employed by that famous Secret Service of Great Britain?

"You've been going too much to the Pictures!" he laughed out at David.

"That's what you say," smiled David.

"No, but really," Marcovitch continued, still laughing, "how did you hear, my young friend, about any new aero-engine?"

"Because, as I've told you," said David, "I am in the Secret Service."

"Oh, come off it!" cried Marcovitch, with a drop into English slang, and continuing in English. "Stop that play-acting, laddie. Let's suppose, for the fun of it, that I had pinched some British document, and that you were a secret agent sent to recover it. What could you do? You'd send for a policeman and have me arrested."

Every crease on the man's wizened face was a pucker of amusement.

"But you couldn't do that in real life, my young friend." He pointed to the flags of France and of Switzerland visible on either side of the stream. "See those flags!" he continued. "They're both of them flying to protect me and keep me out of reach of the British lion's paw."

With another laugh, Marcovitch swung the launch round for the land.

### CHAPTER 4 Nets For Geneva

DRAWING near, they perceived on the jetty a solitary figure.

It was that of a man with a fishing-rod over his shoulder and a string of tiny fish dangling from his hand. There was nobody else about, because midday had sent the few villagers indoors to lunch. On the steps of the French Customs House a gendarme stood yawning. On the other side of the stream, in the road by the Swiss

Customs, an empty motor-car formed the sole sign of life.

As Marcovitch shut off his engine and the launch glided up to the steps the man on the jetty hailed him impatiently. "I've been hunting for you everywhere," he called out. "All's ready. We've no time to lose."

David took a good look at this fellow. Although got up as one of the sportsmen who fished at the lakeside, he did not impress David as fitting the part. There was something about him suggestive of the barrack-square. Big, muscular, heavy-featured, with strong, hairy hands, he looked an ugly customer, David thought.

Still indifferent to David's presence, the man spoke again. "So off you come! We'll go straight along to Geneva. We can take your fishing-nets as a blind."

Then on the sudden he noticed David. "Who is this?" he asked, whispering.

But David's ears were sharp enough for the whisper. And sharp enough for Marcovitch's reply when it came, though it was neither spoken in French nor in English, but in a language of which, so far as Marcovitch knew, David was ignorant. "I only speak French, m'sieur," he had told Marcovitch, but he understood more than a little of other Continental languages.

These fragments made startling intelligence.

First Marcovitch told the newcomer as a great joke that the young *Anglais* had been playing at "being Secret Service." The other hotly retorted that Marcovitch was imbecile, because he himself had heard whispers of a mysterious lad employed by the British.

Then followed the worst.

David heard the stranger, addressed as Yastich, announcing that he had finished building an engine to the stolen specifications, and that, further, he had secretly fitted this engine to his own plane, which was waiting in the aerodrome at Geneva to be flown off immediately. And pushed away among the ordinary maps and papers by the pilot's seat in the plane were the stolen specifications and drawings themselves!

"The safest place for them," he declared. "Could I bring them here with me? No, no! We go straight to the plane and we fly away with them—after we have silenced this young *Anglais*."

From the corner of his eye David saw the other nod. But he feigned surprise when Yastich strode across to him and seized him by the arm.

## JACKO SCORES A GOAL

THE football season had come round again, and Jacko could think of little else.

Young Horace, who lived at the end of the lane, was the lucky possessor of a brand-new ball. Jacko and Chimp, passing the house one morning, were surprised to see it lying on a garden seat.

It was very tempting.

Jacko pushed the gate open and went up to examine it more closely.

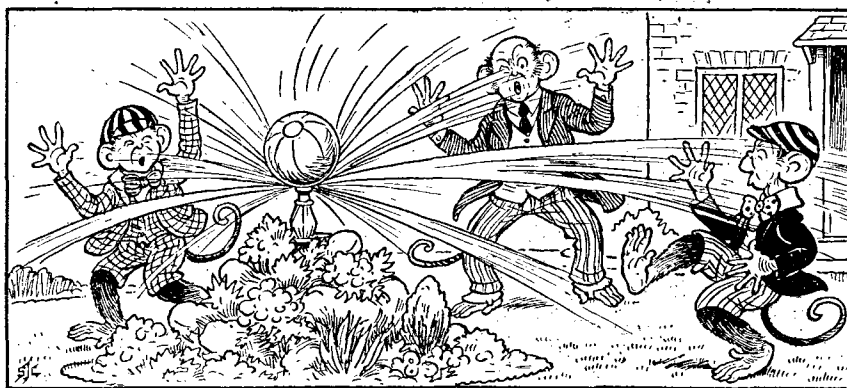
didn't worry them. They had a lot of fun, and made a lot of noise.

The noise at last brought Father Jacko out.

He chose an unfortunate moment.

In the middle of the lawn was a small fountain sending up a little stream of water. Jacko glanced at it, ran at the ball, gave it a kick, and shouted "Goal!"

It landed fair and square. Splash!



Father Jacko got the worst of it

"Jolly fine ball," he pronounced, picking it up.

"Look out!" warned Chimp. "You'll get it."

Jacko grinned, threw the ball on the ground and gave it a hard kick.

It shot out and ended up between the wheels of a passing car.

"Look out!" warned Chimp again.

"Better take it into the garden," he suggested.

The Jackos' garden was hardly the place for a game of football, but that

Out came the water in all directions. Father Jacko got the worst of it, full in the face.

He was furious. "How dare you bring your football in the garden!" he spluttered.

Just then the gate flew open and in dashed Horace.

Jacko stared at him and grinned.

"It isn't our ball, Dad," he said sweetly. "It's his."

And leaving the unlucky Horace to his fate, the young rascals fled.

"*Chez enfant*, have you seen Geneva?" he purred. "We take you there in a car. What a ride through the passes! You shall lunch with us in Geneva, then I drive you back while my friend pursues his affairs."

"I say! How jolly!" cried David. "Is that your friend's car?" pointing to the one outside the Swiss Customs.

Marcovitch nodded. "Alors!" he exclaimed. "I make haste to fetch my nets, that I sell in Geneva, my good friend having brought me word of a customer." And, chuckling and rubbing his hands together, he hurried away. In a few minutes they were all three in the car, with fishing-nets piled up behind them, and explaining to the Swiss gendarme that Marcovitch was taking these nets into Switzerland for sale. No, no, they had nothing to pay duty on. Nets weren't dutiable, were they?

The gendarme pursed dubious lips. Well, the nets might go free, he thought. But were they positive they had nothing else to declare? Their papers? Were these in order? *Bon! Bon voyage, messieurs!*

David, whom they had placed in the back of the car, might have astonished that amiable gendarme had he remarked that he, David, was by way of being contraband. But he kept an amiable silence; which puzzled his captors. For if this lad was veritably what he'd professed to be they could not conceive of him putting himself in their hands thus! But neither could they afford the risk.

His risk, as he knew, was enormous. His position was desperate. But equally desperate his duty. For those scraps of conversation which he had caught, revealing that not only were they in possession of the drawings, but also had constructed an engine to the design and fitted it to a plane standing ready for flight, had shown him that things were far worse than Sir Richard had dreamed. And he asked himself anxiously: had the thieves any copies of the particulars which, as he'd overheard Yastich say, were themselves tucked away in the plane.

Then that fear was dismissed by some words he caught as he leaned forward: "A copy? Not likely, before we've brought the originals safe home."

David's heart began to beat fast as the car neared Geneva. A few more minutes would bring him to his job's end.

Then they came to Geneva and went rushing through the suburbs. He expressed no astonishment that they had not pulled up. When they passed through the aerodrome's gates and came on to the tarmac, with his hands busy at his sides he was staring across the ground. Yes, that might be their machine, that one in the farthest corner, standing alone—a small biplane, with nobody by her.

"There she is," he heard Yastich whisper.

Their next words were furious, half-smothered exclamations. For David had gathered the fishing-nets in his arms and was smothering the men's heads in them, smothering their shoulders, entangling them in that fine mesh. The car swerved as Yastich released his hands from the wheel to get them free to tear the clinging mesh off, but David had sprung out and, vaulting the railings, was racing across the level field. Some mechanics, who were busy with an air-liner, called out to him, but he raced on and on to the biplane in the far corner.

And now Yastich and Marcovitch were panting behind in pursuit, while a handful of pilots, waiting to take up their planes, collected behind the rails and cheered.

David leaped at the biplane, and, scrambling up into the cockpit, he gripped the joystick, switched on the ignition, and, his heart in his mouth, pressed his foot on a small burnished disc which, if this were their secret engine, should be a self-starter. Immediately the engine started to run. As he eased the joystick forward, and the plane began to taxi over the ground, he prayed that she had enough petrol to carry him to Croydon.

She was gathering speed. He pulled the stick gently toward him. She mounted. She was away. He turned in his seat and waved one hand to Goodrich Marcovitch, who had all but clutched the tail of the plane as she rose.

"But why did you reveal yourself to Marcovitch?" Sir Richard asked, when David had made his report.

"Sir, I had to take the risk of his disbelieving me before I could settle my next step," David explained.

Sir Richard reflected. "Well," he smiled, "you made a man's job of it. You have brought back not only our drawings and specifications, but the engine which those rogues had actually built to them; on top of which you've proved that engine in flight. Oh, I'm bound to admit you haven't done things by halves, David!"

THE END



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 15, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Force of Habit

THERE was a young schoolgirl named Hester who lived with her parents at Leicester. They moved; and, when writing a cousin inviting, she wrote down her new home as Cheicester.

### The Policeman's Watch

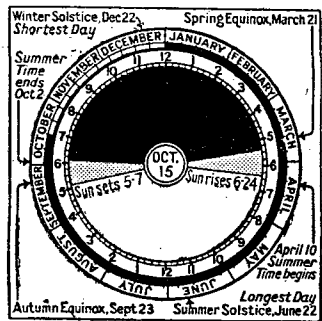
WHAT is the difference between a policeman and the watch in his pocket? The watch is on the policeman, and the policeman is on the watch.

### Food in the Desert

THE pilgrim o'er the desert wild should ne'er let want confound him, For he at any time can eat the sand which is around him. It might seem odd that he could find such palatable fare, Did you not know the sons of Ham Were bred and mustered there.

### The C.N. Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 15. The black section



of the circle under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has already gone. The days are now getting shorter.

## DO YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?

### Numerous Money Prizes For Girls and Boys

THE silhouettes given below show ten people who are familiar to all of us. Can you recognise them?



For the best-written correct or nearest correct lists sent by girls or boys of 15 or under the Editor offers two first

prizes of ten shillings each and 25 consolation prizes of half-a-crown.

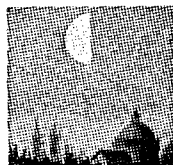
All the people shown are included in this list:

Boy Scout, Bus conductor, Fireman, Flower-seller, Girl Guide, Milkman, Nurse, Policeman, Postman, Road scout, Sailor, Soldier, Telegraph boy, Tram driver.

When you have identified them all write your list on a postcard, giving the number and name of each. Add your name, address, and age, and post the card to C.N. Competition Number 64, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, October 20. There is no entry fee for this competition and allowance will be made for age when judging. The Editor's decision will be final.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the south-west, and Saturn is in the south-east. In the morning Mars is in the east. The picture shows the Moon at half-past six on Monday morning, October 17.



### This Week in Nature

THE familiar daddy-long-legs, or crane-fly, to give the insect its correct name, is now seen in large numbers. This pest lays its eggs in the ground under lawns and pasturelands. The grubs feed on the roots and so destroy the grass. The greatest destroyer of the grubs is the starling, which can often be seen pressing the

side of its head to the ground as if listening for the unseen pest. Presently the bird gives a few sharp pecks at the ground, then pulls out the grub, and makes off with the prize in its beak.

### Ici on Parle Français



Nous avons cherché cette méchante chatte par toute la maison. La voici dormant profondément dans la corbeille à blanchissage.

We have been hunting all over the house for that naughty cat. Here she is, fast asleep in the laundry basket.

### What Happened on Your Birthday

Oct. 16. Bishop Latimer burned at Oxford . 1555  
17. Sir Philip Sidney died . 1586  
18. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain married . 1469  
19. King John died . 1216  
20. Sir Richard Francis Burton, explorer, died . 1890  
21. Battle of Trafalgar . 1805  
22. Liszt, composer, born . 1811

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS  
Hidden Possessions. Malta. Ceylon. Bahamas. Aden. Bermuda.  
Is This Your County? Dorset  
A Word With Different Meanings. Minute  
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

A	P	A	U	M	N	F	E	T	T	E	R
S	L	Y	R	E	I	R	A	N	N		
A	B	L	E	C	A	N	D	E	B	T	
Y	E	A	V	E	R	T	E	D	A	S	
A	C	R	E	E	A	S	P	S			
A	C	E	T	E	N	O	R	L	A	Y	
C	O	N	C	E	A	T					
E	N	T	A	I	L						
C	R	E	I	S	T	S					

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

JIMMY and his chums were discussing the school sports and a certain boy who annoyed them.

"He's always crowing," Jimmy grumbled. "Nobody would mind his winning anything if he weren't so boastful. He's lucky to have the longest legs in our form, but that isn't to say that he's bound to win the high jump. In fact, it's up to us to try to beat him."

"It's no use for me to try," growled one boy, who was rather small for his age.

"Oh, yes, it is," argued Jimmy. "You forget how the pole helps; practice makes a lot of difference. Tom won't even bother to

practise, but we're going to. Let's all get our Scout poles and do some hopping about."

Jimmy's idea was fun, at any rate, they thought, so presently they all trooped across a field to try their skill at vaulting over a fence and a gate of different heights.

Most of the boys had managed the fence, but had shied at the gate.

"If only its top bar would fall at a touch, as the sports ones do, we shouldn't funk it," Jimmy said. "But I'm going to have a shot at it," he added, "as soon as I've had a breather."

However, his "breather" was interrupted by yells and the whinnying of a horse, and

a glance through the gate showed the boys Tom Withers tearing madly towards it, followed by a mare and her colt, the mare looking terrifying with flattened ears and bared teeth.

"He'll be killed if she catches him," cried Jimmy, staring in horror for a moment. Then, with a wild run, he made for the gate, poled himself up and just managed to clear it by a tremendous leap. "Over! Over! Quick!" Jimmy bawled to Tom, while he brandished his pole at the mare and headed her off.

But there was no jumping over, even for Tom's long legs: they were shaking so much that he could only just

## THE BIG JUMP

manage to climb the bars and tumble over to safety, Jimmy taking another flying leap back half a minute later.

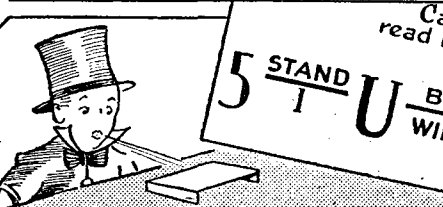
"That was a close shave!" panted Tom. "She'd have had me if it hadn't been for you, Jimmy. I'd only picked a clump of grass to feed the colt, but I suppose she thought I was going to throw something at it."

On the day of the sports, when Jimmy had beaten him in the high jump, Jimmy said: "I believe you could have done it, Tom; but you just wouldn't."

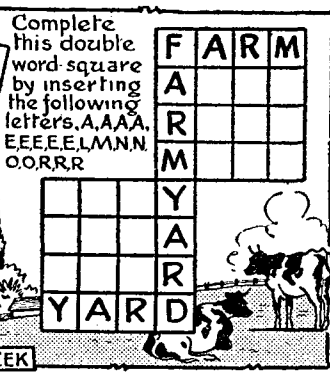
Tom looked down at his rescuer with a cheery grin and replied, "I can't beat you, Jimmy!"



## Peter Puck's Fun Fair



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